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THE

AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "A YEAR IN SPAIN."

"If we may judge of what has been wrote on these things, by all who have wrote and galloped, or galloped and wrote, from the great Addison, who galloped with a satchel of books hanging at his tail, and galling his beast's crupper at every stroke, there is not a galloper of us all, who might not have gone on ambling quietly over his own ground, in case he had any, and have wrote all he had to write dry shod as well as not." *Sterne.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1835.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835, by
HARPER & BROTHERS,
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TO

JOHN DUER, ESQ.

This work is most respectfully dedicated, not as a production in any way worthy his acceptance, but simply in testimony of the author's lively appreciation of the agreeable and amiable qualities which endear him to his friends, and of the genius, learning, and eloquence which are the just pride of his native city.

PREFACE.

Feeling that irresistible impulse which prompts a man to perpetrate a book, and having no land of his own on which to amble quietly about and write a work of travels dryshod, according to the approved method set forth in the motto, the author, as an only resource, was forced to cross the water, and visit, in his proper person, the country which he proposed to describe.

Trained almost from infancy to a profession which rendered connected study impossible, and having, only by dint of much perseverance, got what little education has fallen to his share in much the same discursive and vagabond manner that a chicken gets his breakfast, a kernel of information in one corner and another in the next, he found himself, on mounting to begin his journey, quite unencumbered by any satchel of books such as hung at the crupper of the great Addison. To set out as a teacher of wisdom, with such poor qualifications, was to be destitute indeed. Thus situated, yet still impelled by the necessity of writing,

the author felt that all that remained for him was to forget that any books before his own had ever been written, and, despising the erudition which was beyond his reach, endeavour to see each thing as his own eyes might convey its picture to his mind; and, looking watchfully about him, from the moment of his arrival in the country which was to be the scene of his travels until he should leave it, take as accurate notice as he might of all his impressions, and seek, in simple language, to convey them to his countrymen.

The author has simply attempted, then, to give, in the following pages, a faithful narrative of whatever he saw during a visit of a few weeks to England. Thus setting out with promising little, that little he will yet exert himself conscientiously to perform. He feels that he has at least a right to lay claim to honesty of intention, and to as little prejudice of opinion as may possibly fall to the share of a writer who attempts the description of a country having so much in common with his own, and in the study of which comparisons must, of necessity, suggest themselves at every step. The two countries are, indeed, so much alike, that one is perpetually prompted to inquire wherein consists the difference. This he will endeavour to do with as little partiality for his own as is consistent with

that ardent patriotism which is the common attribute of Americans, a feeling of nationality inherited with the laws, the language, and the manners of the country from which we derive our origin, and which is sanctioned not less by the comparison of the blessings we enjoy with those of other lands, than by the promptings of good feeling and the dictates of good taste.

It is, perhaps, but fair to admit, that the author did set out with some feeling of animosity towards England—a feeling engendered in his bosom by the calumnious depreciation of his own country by British writers, actuated by the desire, through the misrepresentation of our institutions and national character, to promote their own personal interests, or react in the interest of conservative principles upon public opinion at home. From the perusal of their works, which he very naturally assumed to be the prevailing sentiment of England towards his country, he had been led to feel some measure of ill-will towards England in return. This, however, has yielded almost entirely to his own personal observation. If, indeed, a jealousy towards America, growing out of the recollection of that war which resulted in our independence, and which, having been successful on our side, has left us without any feeling of rooted dissatisfaction, be,

as it certainly is, a prevailing feeling among some classes of Englishmen so remarkable for their inveterate egotism, it is, on the contrary, pleasing to observe that the more elevated and enlightened look to our growth and prosperity with a liberal and kindly interest, the more creditable to those who entertain it, that they have most to dread from the influence of our example.

The author found, moreover, that there was so much identity between his own country and that which he was visiting, that it was not easy to hate the one without also hating the other. Hence, the patriotism which made America dear to him prompted him to love England: for, after all, we are ourselves but Englishmen in another hemisphere. We are only different editions of the same work; in America plain, useful, and got up with something more of the spirit of the age, while in England, though the common type be mean and defaced, yet is the volume pleasing to peruse, rich as it is with antique blazonry and illumination. He has found, indeed, a pleasure, not easy to describe, in the observation of so many objects connected with the early history of our race, and in offering his homage at a thousand sites hallowed by the consecrating associations of genius and heroism.

He cannot help feeling that there is in the two countries unbounded motive to mutual pride, instead of any incentive to jealousy. America may look with well-founded enthusiasm to the past history and present greatness of the country from which she sprung; and if there be any one achievement of which more than another England has occasion to be proud, it is the planting of this vast empire, so rapidly spreading itself over a noble continent, worthy to be the field of the most magnificent experiments, and destined to perpetuate her religion, her institutions, her literature, and her laws, and to keep alive the memory of her greatness, of which its own existence is the noblest monument, to the remotest ages.

The writer begs, then, at the outset, to be acquitted of any injurious prejudices. In a professional point of view he has nothing to gain by subserviency to parties; and his success and advancement, depending wholly on himself, can neither be made nor marred by men in power, while, as for any reaction in his own country to be brought about by the abuse of the institutions of England, he is not aware that there is one native-born American among the whole thirteen millions of our population, whom it would be necessary to convert from any partiality towards such institutions of

the mother country as have been omitted in the construction of our political system.

If the writer, in appearing before the public some years ago, had occasion to express the well-grounded diffidence and distrust which he felt for the fate of his performance, he may with still greater reason, and with far deeper conviction, avow the misgivings which at present disturb him. His work on Spain was written with the same enthusiasm which attended the travels it described, and was truly to him a labour of love; the country, the climate, and the people, all offering themselves with new and pleasing impressions to his mind, and tinging his imagination with a romantic colouring. It was quite otherwise in England; the climate presented itself to him at the most sombre season of the year, when it was his fortune first to visit it, under an aspect of more than usual gloom. He has laboured, moreover, under restraints which did not fetter him in writing on Spain, growing out of the circumstance that his work would be likely to find readers in the country it described. This consideration has hung upon his pen with a nightmare influence, and driven him, in a great measure, from the description of that which was most likely to prove of general interest.

There are two ways in which one might write

of a country like England: in the first place instructively, by the collection of materials and facts of a statistical and political nature, reasoning upon the results they present, and indulging in comparisons; in the second place amusingly, by describing whatever characters or events of a private nature might pass under the observation of the writer, and by serving up, for the public's money, details of conversations, incidents, and opinions which had been furnished to him without price through the hospitality of his entertainers. For the first method the author found himself unqualified by actual knowledge, and by the taste to acquire it; for the second, which has been so successfully used by British writers on his own country, and with scarce inferior profit by others on England, he felt that he had no vocation.

It only remained for him, then, to take a middle course, and attempt to describe the popular manners such as he had opportunities to observe them in his condition as an ordinary traveller. He thinks he has satisfied himself that these do not present, in England, that picturesque character necessary to furnish materials for amusing description, or at any rate that he does not possess the power of appreciating them. Writing without enthusiasm concerning that which he saw with apathy, his

work appears to himself, as it will doubtless do to the reader, a most laborious performance, in which a minuteness of description which might have pleased, if directed to objects of such general and prevailing interest as the peculiarities of society sarcastically described, has been wasted upon subjects which possess little interest. The result of this up-hill journey is before the reader, and, however distasteful it may prove to him, his feeling of aversion can scarce exceed that with which the author now takes leave of it.

New-York, October 1*st*, 1835.

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THE

AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

Departure from New-York—Scenes in the Bay—Leaving the Land—Survey of the Ship—Night View in scudding before a South-wester—The Watch on Deck—Hard Life of Merchant Sailors—Review of Ship's Company.

It was a beautiful autumn morning, being the 1st of November, 1833, when I found myself, at the hour of ten, punctual to the announcement of the newspapers, on board the steamer Hercules, which was in attendance on the ship in which I had taken passage for London. A number of friends had gathered there to greet me with their parting good wishes and hopes for an agreeable and speedy passage, and the effort which I was obliged in decency to make to listen to their conversation and reciprocate their kindness, checked the indulgence of those regrets with which I was leaving my home.

The steamer was crowded with the friends of

the passengers, cabin and steerage, a motley group, conspicuous among whom stood our captain, who was about to become so important a personage to us. He was taking leave of friends, attending deferentially to the last behests of owners and consignees, watching over the due arrangement of certain packages, letter-bags, and more interesting heaps of beef, mutton, and poultry, reserving however a more peculiar care to a chronometer, which he carried suspended in a handkerchief. The moment the steamer reached the ship's side, she was there stoutly secured by hawsers. The bars which had been lying against the windlass were shipped, and a dozen or more jolly tars, headed by a stout, boatswain-looking second mate, rose upon them with the energy of strong bodies and stout hearts, making the palls of the windlass rattle as they hove round, and the whole harbour resound with the long-drawn and monotonous, yet not unpleasing song with which they accompanied and gave concert to their labour.

Our anchor was soon apeak; the steamer started her engine, and we moved boldly ahead, despite the flood tide which was still running. My native city, with its bay, its islands, and charming environs, had never worn a more attractive aspect than now that I was prepared to leave it, with regret that I

had never before experienced. It was the beginning of that delightful season known among us as the Indian summer, and the weather was beautifully still and calm; the smoke from the city and the countless steamers that were everywhere urging their busy way and disturbing the calm waters with their bustling passage, rose in perpendicular threads toward the sky; while four other packet-ships were lying over their anchors, their sails set, and ready to weigh with the first of the ebb. The small craft bound in the direction of the tide suffered themselves to be borne lazily along, while those to which it was unfavourable, with jib down and peak of the mainsail dropped, were riding at their anchors. Farther up the Hudson the sloops were bounding merrily along, under the influence of a western breeze which was beginning to blow. Not a cloud was anywhere to be seen; yet a light haze, which hung over the shore and water, and which the diminished energy of the wintry sun had not yet dispersed, gave a tempered and melancholy beauty to the picture which was in harmony with my feelings.

I took a farewell look at the city, with its encircling forest of masts; at the Battery, with its trees and promenades, the spires which rose in every direction, and the dark and venerable steeple of old

Trinity; at Brooklyn, smirking in tasteless finery; at Hoboken and Weehawken, fringed with their forest trees and variegated foliage; at the beautiful bay, whose still waters spread in glassy smoothness on every side, and at the islands with which it was so picturesquely studded. The vigorous efforts of the Hercules—well deserving the name—soon brought us to Staten Island and the Quarantine Ground, with its fleet of ships, and the Narrows quickly closed behind us, shutting the city from our view, as we entered the broad bay into which the Hudson, Passaic, and Raritan, pour the mingled tribute of their waters. A light breeze had now sprung up; we made sail, and when all was well, trimmed sharp, and we found ourselves heading up for the Swash Channel, the steamer cast off, and, greeted by three hearty cheers from the friends of the steerage passengers, who had accompanied them thus far, charging them with thousands of parting messages to friends in the old countries, we were at length abandoned to our own efforts.

The tide was now strong under our lee, and the bar at the mouth of the harbour, with lighthouse and beacons, was soon behind us. A vexatious delay of an hour in getting rid of the pilot, whose boat was not at hand, put our captain, who seemed to have more than an American's share of the spirit of

despatch, quite in a passion. This was increased by the clumsy way in which the young pilot, who was evidently a new hand, managed the ship; he got her twice in irons, and going astern at a famous rate, while endeavouring to lay her to. At length, however, the beautiful Trimmer was seen emerging from the harbour; she came swooping along like a wild bird, rounded to under our lee, and, taking the pilot off in her little cockle-boat, which skimmed as lightly over the waters as herself, hurried away in another direction. The pilot bore with him our letters and latest adieus, and we had taken a final leave of our country.

And now the captain, relieved from the temporary suspension of his authority in his own ship, joyfully resumed the command, issuing, in a manly, distinct voice, which carried obedience with it, a few necessary orders; the sailors, sensible of the propriety of each, and tired of wasting their labour, sprang with alacrity to obey. The ship was soon under complete command, fell off to her course, the yards were trimmed, the studding-sails set, and she bounded joyfully forward.

Meantime the mate and sailors busied themselves in securing every thing for sea. The anchors were got on the bows, the cables unbent and paid below, the fenders hauled in, the ropes coiled clear for

running, and every thing that could be moved from its station by the lurching of the ship, securely lashed. The breeze blew fresh, and we skimmed rapidly along, and the ship soon began to dance to the unequal and rolling surface of her appropriate element. Those who had been long enough on shore to lose their sea-legs, or who had never been anywhere else, now began to cling for support to the rails and belaying-pins. The Highlands were soon lost in the distance, and the shores of Long Island also grew dim and mingled with the sea, and the only remaining objects for the attention to fix on without, were the other packets following in our track, a few vessels making for the port, and the vast ocean whose depths we were rushing forth to explore.

Our ship, thus isolated, began to assume a new consequence in our eyes. I measured her extent, to be for some weeks the limits of our little world; scanned her sails and rigging, which were rather in a tattered condition, with a seaman's eye; looked to the physiognomy of each sailor and fellow-passenger; took a glance of observation at sundry pigs and sheep, and a nautical cow without horns, which was on her fourth voyage, and which was, with the rest, very comfortably housed in the longboat, with the jollyboat inverted over their heads for a shed:

and, finally, made some progress in studying the character of a bear, which was to find her home on the main hatch until transferred in England to the menagerie of some noble, weary of herding with his kind, or to form the poetic appendage of some yacht, or perchance to figure as bowman in the gig of a dandy young captain of one of His Majesty's frigates. Bruin was stretched upon her back, scratching herself with a truly feminine grace, and grinning with the pleasure of her sensations. I felt the muscles of my own face gradually losing their stern contraction, and relaxing into a sympathetic grin, which seemed a sort of treachery to the friends I was leaving.

My eye, in glancing round, next caught sight of a pleasing group, consisting of sundry stout sirloins of beef and haunches of mutton, garnished with occasional turkeys, geese, and game, which were hanging from the mizzen stay, and which, when fresh from the comforts of breakfast and the sorrows of parting, had attracted less of my attention. My stomach, upon which I happened just then to place my hand, felt lean and hollow, and I began to doubt whether part of my malaise did not proceed from the circumstance, when the appropriate ringing of the dinner-bell, and the joy which it occasioned within me, convinced me that such

was the fact. As I directed my steps towards the companion-way, my eye caught a last glimpse of the Highlands, trembling in the horizon; the dark fringe of trees that crested them, seen but occasionally, as the ship mounted on the top of a higher wave, and beautifully illumined by the last rays of the autumnal sun, then sinking behind them, and playing in a line of golden light on the broken billows which danced and lifted their white caps between.

Just then, as I was threatened with a new access of sentiment, one of the most uncivil of these poetic billows overtaking us, and swashing rudely against the mizzen channels, sent a whole bucketful of spray into my face. Unaccustomed as I had been in the larger vessels, in which I had sailed of late, to be thus unceremoniously boarded on the hallowed region of the quarter-deck, this seemed to me quite a superfluous piece of impertinence. The remains of my sentiment were at once washed away; and, not minding a little honest salt water, I betook myself forthwith to the substantial comfortings of the repast, which I found smoking on the cabin table.

Dinner was over; tea and conversation had followed; the evening was already far advanced, and I began to yield to the sleepy sensation which the

familiar roll of the sea inspired. Before turning in I ascended to the companion-way, to breathe the fresh air, and see what progress we were making, and took my station on the taffrail, near the helmsman. Familiar as I was with the sight of ships in every possible situation, I was much struck with the beauty of the scene. We were tearing along at a fearful rate; the sails were bellying and straining to the extent of the sheets which held them, under the influence of what is called a smoky south-wester, unaccompanied by a single cloud, but with a pervading and heavy haze, by which the horizon was circumscribed to narrow limits, and through which the moon, just then rising beneath the foot of the foresail, and slightly shorn in its orb, was struggling to reveal itself, shining dim and murky. The sea was agitated and broken into short but yawning ground-swells, into which the ship plunged and surged violently, trembling with the opposing action of the two elements by which she was driven and restrained; now settling her stern into the trough of the sea, now overtaken by a succeeding billow, rising proudly on its crest, and dashing the white and sparkling foam far away on either side.

At dark our studding-sails had all been hauled in, and made up as the breeze increased; the mizzen topgallant-sail had been furled, and the mizzen

topsail reefed; but the spanker, that worst of all sails in a strong quartering breeze, was still set, acting as a powerful lever to force the bow into the wind. The steersman was standing, with every muscle stiffened, against the wheel, giving the ship the full force of the helm as the quartering seas struck rudely against her counter; then relaxing his hold, and allowing the wheel to spin freely round as she fell off toward her course.

I readily recognised our helmsman to be a collier, and a North of England man; a smasher, as they are called in the service. He was quite a handsome youth, with light curly hair, but a sooty complexion, stained in the coal trade. He was characteristically clad in a rough peajacket, a pair of trousers tightened round his waist with a leathern belt, from which depended a long sheath-knife, while his head was surmounted by a huge canvass hat, having a long apron behind, which was confined by a ropeyarn nettle beneath his arms, so as to exclude all streams of water from the back of his neck, which is much the most sensitive part of a sailor's person. The whole was thoroughly stiffened with tar and pitch, which, with true nautical forethought, our youth had doubtless daubed on as often as a bucket of either passed through his hands in the duty of the ship. This famous headgear,

borrowed from the coalheavers in England, is now in general use among all nautical worthies, who have adopted it under the name of a southwester, which made it peculiarly applicable to the breeze before which we were staggering.

Just forward of the mizzen rigging stood the mate; he was holding on to a belaying-pin to steady himself; eyeing the wind keenly; glancing knowingly at the sails; and, as their leeches occasionally lifted, giving his orders to the helmsman, which were promptly re-echoed. One other of the watch might be seen sitting on the windlass, and leaning against the bithead. This was the look-out, stationed there to see that we should run nothing down, and to strike the bells. He was beguiling the time with a doleful song, a word of which reached us from time to time above the noise made by the dash of the ship through the water, and the whistling and roar of the wind through the blocks and rigging, and against the sails. The rest, sheltered from the blast under the lee of the hurricane-house, and nestling snugly like a litter of pigs, were singing in a low tone, as became their proximity to the captain and his fellow-nobs of passengers, some rude ditty, that told of hapless or happy loves with Sues and Nancys, in which all joined in a suppressed and melancholy moan at the burden; or

listening to some older worthy as he told of toils at sea; anchors broken, or cables parted in roadsteads; stranding upon rocks and quicksands; ships run down, and masts gone by the board; or dwelling upon the more favourite theme of rascally usage from mates and captains; and long-shore vengeance wreaked upon that unhappy scapegoat, the second dicky.

In the midst of this pastime they were startled and aroused by a loud snorting, as if of some sea monsters immediately beside them, proceeding from a noisy school of porpoises, whose path we had crossed, and which immediately gave chase to us. They came bounding joyously over each other; sometimes leaping from the very crest of a wave far into the air, and descending into the yawning trough below with a plunge that sent forth a thousand sparkles. After playing about our bows until they found we were no match for them, and that there was to be no race, they suddenly wheeled off, pushing their course in the direction of the wind, and by their lively, joyful gambols, proclaiming, according to nautical superstition, a continuation of the noble breeze before which we were driving.

Our passage commenced under happy auspices; and for three days we drove gayly before the wind, which had hauled to the northwest; the fourth

found us in the midst of the Gulf Stream, which we were crossing obliquely. It was idle to dream of passing this barrier without a blow; so on it came, whistling from the cold north; and we had nothing to do but to roll our sleeves up to it; that is, get every thing snug, and face it boldly. The sky lowered, and the clouds flew low, dropping an occasional sprinkling of rain. The current, running in an opposite direction to the wind, produced a heavy, irregular sea, which frequently came on board of our deeply-laden ship, keeping the deck constantly flooded. Between the larger waves innumerable miniature ones ruffled the intermediate space; while from their summits, at the eddies of the current, masses of water were torn and driven along in whirlwinds of what the sailors call spoondrift. The scene of elemental strife was indeed sublime.

Our ship was soon reduced to close-reefed topsails and foresail. The wind had drawn ahead, and our hitherto rolling motion was exchanged for that fatal one to seasick stomachs, the disturbing pitch of a head sea. Our sailors had a hard time; and often did the stroke of the handspike, three times repeated over their heads, and the maliciously-pleased cry of the watch on deck—"All hands to shorten sail!" "Hear the news there!" "Heave out!" "Show a leg!" call out the poor fellows

of the watch below, perhaps but an hour in their bunks, after four hours of drenching and severe toil. Now, it was one of our old sails split, to be unbent, and another got up; now another reef in the top-sails; and now the mainsail to be furled. The poor fellows would come crawling up, half clad, or in the wet clothes of last watch, heated in the confinement of the forecastle, and sickened by the stench from the cargo and bilge-water, to encounter sudden damps of the cold wet wind, and remain aloft by the hour, tugging at the earings, or contending with the rustling canvass, which, full and bagging with the force of the hurricane, was struggling to keep free. Splicing the main brace—that is, a glass of grog—when the work was done, seemed, however, always to send them away in a good humour and happy.

If, however, the watch below met with little compassion from the watch on deck, they also met with less from me than, as fellow-sinners, they ought to have done. I never awoke at the striking of the bell and calling of the watch, without finding my regrets for the fellows who had to rouse out, swallowed up in my pleasure at discovering that I was not of the number. After nearly four years of watch-keeping, it was delightful to miss the tickled youngster of a midshipman, overjoyed

at having reached the end of his own watch, and hardly waiting for the sound to get out of the bell, ere he would thrust forward his obtrusive lantern, with the unwelcome message—"It is eight bells, sir!" "Four o'clock, sir!" or, "All hands, sir!" "All hands to shorten sail, sir!"

After a day or two the wind again became fair, and we started gayly forward. Our situation in the cabin was comfortable and pleasant enough. Among the passengers were two Americans besides myself; one of whom was an old friend, besides being a great traveller and an agreeable companion. There were two Englishmen: one a half-pay captain in the army, who had served many years in India, whence he had returned in consequence of being severely wounded in the siege of a town in Java, during the war with France and her dependancies. He was gentlemanlike, unaffectedly kind-hearted, and intelligent. His Eastern reminiscences, which usually came out with the fumes of his cigar after dinner, were quite as amusing as a chapter of "The Younger Son," with the advantage of having more the air of truth. The other Englishman, though intelligent enough, being a graduate of one of the universities, was far from being equally agreeable; he had a bad tone, and was not so remarkable for gentlemanlike propensities as for the

pertinacity with which he kept up the argument, the whole way across the ocean, with the captain of the ship, upon the banal subject of America and England; Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and Cyril Thornton—I beg the last-named gentleman's pardon for mentioning him in such company. Both these Englishmen seemed to be stanch radicals in their own country, and decriers of the clergy and aristocracy; but the moment that our captain, in the simplicity of his heart, would join their conversation and concur with them in opinion, both would turn upon him, like man and wife against the ill-judging interferer in a domestic quarrel. We had besides a philosophizing, free-inquiring old Frenchman, who was always declaiming against the state of education and society; and forming the most utopian pictures of what was to be the condition of the world, when the human mind should cease to be bewildered by the false systems and theories that now fetter it. According to him, almost any individual child might, by proper teaching and judicious induction, be converted at will into a Scott, a Byron, or a Paganini. My other countryman was a young man just beginning his travels; a carroty-headed youth, who had nothing to recommend him except his modesty and unobtrusiveness;

though these, as the world goes, are worth taking note of.

Very few of the steerage passengers were at all visible during the voyage, though, according to the captain's account, they amounted to near forty. After a few days, indeed, some of them began to muster up from their den of sea-sickness. They came forth haggard and pale, with long beards and unwashed faces; their clothes covered with straw, feathers, and pitch from the deck. The women had a wretched, helpless, squalid appearance, like chickens with the pip. One fellow brought his wife up one fine day, and endeavoured to cure her by trotting her about the deck. Instead of taking her arm in his, he placed himself behind her, with one hand under either arm, and thus steered her along with a certain low-lived Irish grace. She was a tall, long-fingered, lank-haired lassie, in a plaid cloak; and I felt a most painful desire to possess Hogarth's pencil for a moment, that I might sketch her.

A few of the steerage passengers were Germans, returning circuitously home, for the want of a direct conveyance; they had no wives but their long pendant pipes, to which they seemed wedded. The rest were sturdy Englishmen. Some were going home for the friends who had sent them on a pioneer-

ing voyage; others, happy fellows, for their sweethearts, whom they found themselves in a condition to turn into wives; and there was one widow, whose husband had fallen a victim to the bilious fever, or the cheap price of whiskey, returning to find relief for her sorrows in the sympathy of friends, or perhaps more solid consolation in the shape of a second husband. Let me not forget to make honourable mention of the white-headed little ragamuffin who was working his passage, and who in this capacity had the decks to sweep, ropes to haul, chickens and pigs to feed, the cow to milk, and the dishes to wash, as well as all other jobs to do that belonged to no one in particular. As a proof of good-will, he had chopped off the tails of a dandy, velvet-collared, blue coat, with the cook's axe, the very first day out. This was performed at the windlass bits, in full conclave of the crew, and I suspected at the suggestion of a roguish man-of-war's-man, a shipmate of mine. The tails were cut just below the pocket-flaps, which gave them a sort of razee look; and, in conjunction with the velvet collar, made the oddest appearance in the world, as he would creep, stern first, out of the longboat after milking the cow. Blow high or blow low, the poor boy had no time to be sea-sick; sometimes he would get adrift in the lee scuppers

and roll over in the water, keeping fast hold of the plates he was carrying to the galley. The only day that the poor lad wore a bright face, was that on which we anchored in Portsmouth.

Such was our ship's company; and with the little interest that their society afforded, the time wore heavily enough. Like most idle men, we found our most interesting pastime in the pleasures of a well-provided table. The lapse of time, with us, was measured entirely by our meals. These were no fewer than four in number, or five, if we may be allowed to count our midnight assemblage around a dish of baked apples, which gave the mercy-stroke to our gastronimic capacities; and all this in a single day, or rather in less: for as we were five hours ahead of the New-York time on our arrival in England, it followed that we daily threw overboard a considerable portion of the twenty-four hours, into which the days of those happy people who can remain quiet are regularly divided. In the evening, a game of whist or chess lent its friendly aid in relieving the load of existence.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHANNEL.

Strike Soundings—Land—Escape from running down a brig—St. Alban's Head—The Pilot—Isle of Wight—British hardihood exemplified by a Pilot—The Needles—Animated spectacle in entering the harbour—Anchor near Spithead—The Navarin and Skipper Sam—Fate of the missing Pilot.

On the sixteenth day out we struck soundings on European bottom, and in two more a continuation of the same breeze would have placed us in port; but there it left us, and during two days we beat about to no purpose against a light east wind. On the third the good old southwester came quietly stealing over the water; it was a whole twenty-four hours in acquiring force. During the two days of light weather, the number of vessels pouring into the Channel had become considerable. As the breeze freshened in the afternoon, they gradually dropped astern, all except an English gun-brig, a King's packet, which bravely held her way. In the afternoon the English coast was indistinctly seen, and as the night advanced, the brilliant lights on the Lizard pierced through the gloom and mist.

As the night advanced, the wind still freshened

to a gale. We were going along at a rapid rate, and the chances of our getting in the next day amounted nearly to a certainty. The baked apples had been discussed, and we had all turned in unusually cheerful, when we were aroused by a violent commotion on deck. I was just dropping asleep, when the words of "hard to starboard! hard to starboard!" quickly repeated in the voice of the mate, and in a simultaneous chorus by the whole watch, with an energy that showed there could be no time to lose, convinced me that we must be in imminent danger of running down some other vessel. I leaped at once upon deck, and ascended the mizzen rigging, to see what the chances were. Our ship had rounded to a little, bringing the wind on the larboard quarter, and was breaking through the agitated waves at a fearful rate. From the gloom just clear of our starboard bow was emerging a large, heavily-laden brig, under low sail. She had borne away a little, bringing the wind abeam, and increasing her headway. We cleared each other perhaps six or eight yards. Had she been discovered a little later; had any hesitation occurred as to the use of the helm; or had our old wheel-ropes, which had broken no fewer than four times on the passage, failed us at that awful moment, we should have gone through the brig in an instant, scarcely

having time to hear the cries for aid sent up by the drowning men ere they were far behind; and whatever might have been our own fate, theirs, at least, would have been inevitable. The danger we had escaped, and the increased force of the wind, of which, in rounding to, we were made sensible, imposed the wholesome idea of greater caution. The handspike was heard striking three times on the forecastle; "All hands ahoy!" was the cry that followed. Our topsails were close reefed, with many a plaintive "ho, heave ho!" as they tugged at the struggling canvass; the mainsail too was furled; and though our rate seemed little diminished, the ship was under more commanding sail to haul by the wind, should other vessels be seen ahead; as indeed actually occurred several times during the night. On our arrival we heard that the Canada, the packet preceding us, had run down an English brig in the night, whose captain was knocked overboard and drowned. Encounters of this sort are necessarily very common in so frequented a sea, where the weather is so often thick. Our packets, which run in all weathers, and never heave to, are especially liable to accidents of this nature; and it is a curious commentary upon the received opinion in England,—by which the people seek to console themselves for that superiority in model, equip-

ment, and speed, which it is not easy to deny to us, in insisting, that if our ships are handsomer, theirs are strongest,—that in all these encounters, Brother Jonathan passes on as if nothing had happened to him, and John Bull goes uniformly to the bottom.

The next morning saw me up betimes. As it dawned toward eight we discovered land,—Saint Alban's Head,—indistinctly seen through the drizzling rain, and the clouds which hung low and heavy around us. It rose rather boldly, and was of a white or grayish colour, which contributed to render it indistinct. These were the chalk cliffs of Old England, characteristically ushered in amid clouds, rain, a hurricane of wind, and an all-pervading gloom. Ere long we could discover Corfe Castle, Poole, and Christ Church on our left; and presently the Isle of Wight was seen breaking through the gloom, the bold, naked point of the Needles standing in strong relief far above the horizon.

It was blowing so very fresh that the captain feared we might not find a pilot-boat at sea. However, we soon discovered one ahead, and a few minutes placed us alongside of him. She was a short, black, clumsy, and misshapen craft as it was possible to see; cutter rigged, with an im-

mense protruding bowsprit, and huge mainboom. She was under close-reefed sails, yet floundered about at a famous rate, throwing the water up to the head of her mainsail. As we hove to with our head in shore, she came under our lee, with her jib sheet to windward, and launched a light boat overboard, in which two men presently put off for us, leaving only one to take care of the cutter, a vessel of thirty tons or more. They soon reached our side, jumped on board, and hauled their boat up on our deck. We then bore up, and the pilot-boat followed. The chief of the two, who took charge of the ship, was a stout, hale, hearty Englishman, frank in manners, and free of speech; he was neatly as well as comfortably clad, having on his head a broad-brimmed glazed hat, with blue jacket, with the buttons of the Royal Yacht Club, he being master of one of the yachts during the sailing season in summer. Over his blue trousers he had a pair of uncommonly thick hose, which he said he had bought in Sicily some years before when on board of a nobleman's yacht; and outside of all a pair of formidable fisherman's boots, in which the whole of his legs were swallowed up. His companion was a smaller and much less distinguished looking personage. He too had on a glazed hat and blue jacket, somewhat

the worse for wear, with a pair of equally formidable boots, although their dimensions might not be so well estimated, as they disappeared altogether beneath the canopy of an immense overhanging petticoat of tarpaulined canvass, which was secured at his waist with a drawing-string and strap of leather.

The course being given to steer by, we immediately laid siege to the pilot, to extract such items of news as he might have to communicate. The most interesting by far was that of the unexpected return of Captain Ross. The King of Spain was dead; matters, according to his account, too, were not going on very well in England: there was the old story of hard times, and worse to come. We had already made some progress; the bleak point of the Needles reared itself boldly before us; its bald precipitous side of white chalk seeming to offer a stout yet ineffectual obstacle to the waves that tore it; and the breakers on the reef which forms the opposite boundary to the entrance of the harbour, sheltered by the Isle of Wight, were beginning to be seen in a broad expanse of shattered and broken waters. Our pilot just then discovered that the Danish schooner which was following us in, had hoisted a signal for a pilot at her fore. He consulted a moment with his comrade, and then

gave orders to put the helm down, and launch the little cockle which had brought him on board; saying at the same time, there was no reason why a Yankee should have two pilots and the Dane none at all. It was now blowing a hurricane: the sea was running short and quick, with a combing wave and driving spray; and I could scarcely credit my senses when I saw a single individual stepping quietly and calmly into a boat, about twelve feet long, to put forth alone in such an uproar of the elements. Yet this was actually done by our little pilot in the tarpaulin petticoat. He did not leave the side, however, until he had secured the customary fee of a piece of salt pork from the harness-cask, and a bottle of whiskey, which he uncorked, smelt, and from which he took a hearty, heaven-regarding quaff. Having carefully recorked and stowed it under the headsheets, he now hauled in his painter, took to his oars, and got the boat's head to wind; pulling with a long and steady stroke clear of the ship, and catching the stroke quickly to prevent the boat's gathering sternboard. The pilots both looked upon this feat of reckless hardihood as a matter of course, but I felt sure that it was attended with great danger. I clambered to the poop, braced myself against the mizzen rigging to prevent my being blown away, and watched for

the catastrophe with a painful interest. The little egg-shell, scarce distinguished from the ducks that floated around her, bore herself bravely; head to wind she faced each coming sea; at one moment disappearing in the trough, as if gone for ever; in the next, mounting on the top of the very spray which broke wildly from the crest of each wave.

The schooner, on discovering the boat, which we feared for a time she might not do, hauled up for her. Presently after, to the horror of all of us, she again bore up and passed to leeward, following us in and depending upon our guidance. The only chance of safety for the poor fellow, who had thus boldy perilled himself from a sense of duty, and for the sake of the honest gain on which he was dependant for his support, now rested upon the bare possibility of his being seen by the single individual who remained in the pilot-boat, and who must already be sufficiently occupied by his absorbing and perilous charge. If seen, too, the task of rounding to and picking up the boat was not easy or unattended with danger. The pilot-boat was now very far astern; we watched the too reckless adventurer until the eye grew weary, and then abandoned him to his fate with a fervent wish for his deliverance.

By this we began to open the Needles. They

are a collection of isolated chalk rocks, which make out in a western direction from the Isle of Wight, and are so called from the circumstance of some of them being sharply pointed, others being connected at the top, the ceaseless wash of the sea forming an arch below, which the imagination, fruitful in discovering similes between the fantastic shapes of nature and the symmetric forms of artificial objects, and sometimes puzzled for a name, has fancifully likened to the points and eyes of needles. The bold cape from which these isolated rocks make off, and from which they have evidently been gradually broken, is called the Needle's Point. It rises perpendicularly five or six hundred feet from the sea, which, as we passed, was madly dashing against its base, and sending its waters far up the side. It is of a chalky white, and is altogether one of the most remarkable and boldest headlands in the world. To the left of the narrow passage through which we were entering lay the dangerous reef called the Bridge; the sea, agitated by the full blast of an autumnal gale, broke over it in a vast extent of the most terrific breakers I had ever seen. Vast quantities of gulls, gannets, and sheer-waters, driven in from sea, yet apparently delighting in the scene of strife and uproar, contended against the gale, wheeled in cir-

cling eddies, or allowed themselves to be borne before it with the speed of lightning. As we flew by with almost equal rapidity, the pilot gave, in a few sententious words, the appropriate tale of the loss of His Majesty's schooner the Nightingale, which had grounded some years before on the Bridge. Turning to the right he pointed to the Needle's Point, where, on the brink of the precipice, stood the lonely and isolated light-tower; and in the same breath related how, one foggy morning, the keeper, having swallowed his morning dram, walked off the edge.

We passed quite near Hurst Castle, a venerable ruin that told of feudal times, and which, until the late reform, sent two members to parliament. Its gray and time-worn sides were finely contrasted with the deep red of the two huge light-towers that rose beside it, and the neat appearance of the white and well-kept cottages of the lightmen and coast-guard that clustered around it. Though the coast of England lay but a couple of miles beyond, it was but indistinctly seen through the lurid and driving clouds. Occasionally the spire of a church or the tower of some ruined castle broke through the gloom; but the numerous towns that lined the coast were not even momentarily seen. In return, we had a full view of the Isle of Wight, which we

passed at the distance of a quarter of a mile; from the Needle's Point, it stretched eastward in an uncultivated down, covered with a short grass, which was still of a dusky green. The ridge itself appeared, against the background of dark clouds, of a singular regularity, defined as distinctly as a black line upon paper, and broken by no other objects than the lighthouse and beacon to guide ships in crossing the Bridge, and by a single individual in a white shirt, who, as he strode along the summit of the hill, soared into the clouds in giant-like and preternatural relief. Here the chalk cliff changed its hues to yellow, red, and purple; and gangs of labourers were employed in quarrying for a sand used in the manufacture of glass, and said to be very valuable.

The succession of objects past which we were now hurried, at a very short distance and a tremendous rate, furnished an uncommonly spirited and gay spectacle. Yarmouth, Newtown, and Cowes, came and went like magic; these were quickly followed by a continuous fleet of windbound ships, which we passed within the toss of a biscuit—by pleasure-yachts moored in the bays—gigs and fishing-boats lining the strand—by Gothic churches rising at frequent intervals, the venerable shrines of a pure and heartfelt religion—and by the

charming residences of a rich and most tasteful people. There were beautiful cottages surrounded by hay-ricks, hedges, and gardens; French and Elizabethan chateaux, with formal walks and alleys; or admirable imitations of antique castles overrun with ivy, yet filled apparently with all imaginable comforts, and graced with the fair form of woman, gazing with rapture from the shelter and security of the veranda, and from amid the plants and flowers that imbosomed her, upon the swift flight of our ship, the strife of the elements, and the triumphs of man in commanding them.

We were to anchor on the Mother Bank, off Ryde, as furnishing the most protected part of the admirable roadstead formed by the Isle of Wight. While yet three miles off we commenced shortening sail and furling every thing, that we might neither part nor drag when the anchor should be let go. We still continued to run at the rate of eight knots, under bare poles, and were soon off Ryde, where we rounded to and let go the anchor. The chain rattled out at a tremendous rate, to the great dismay of the steerage passengers, all of whom had risen from the dead and come forth, and of my old friend the bear on the main hatch. Presently it was all out, and the ship brought up with a violent surge, and swung round quickly to her anchor.

There was an immense fleet of the outward bound anchored in every direction around us. Two or three cruisers and troop-ships lay, with housed masts and yards pointed to the wind, in the roadstead of Spithead, and a mile beyond was the town of Portsmouth; its rusty steeples, and the fortifications which protect its harbour, indistinctly seen through the storm. A number of diminutive steamers were struggling slowly against the wind, in the direction of Ryde, Yarmouth, or Southampton; and a small cutter, having an American ensign stopped in her rigging, was seen standing towards us. This was the vessel belonging to the packet agents, which they were sending off for our passengers and letter-bag. She was called the Navarin, a very trim little craft, of which I had heard a great deal on the passage, as well as of her skipper, the son of one of the agents, a semi-nautical worthy by the name of Sam. She now passed under our stern, bearing herself gallantly under her close-reefed sails, and, luffing short round, came alongside and made fast by the ropes which we threw to her.

The Navarin and her skipper Sam seemed to be less at home in this subordinate association with our overgrown ship, than when moving about independently and on her own account. Her j bs had been

hauled down, but the mainsail still fluttered violently in the gale, and the mainboom swung about in a way very formidable to those who stood near it. At every sea, bowsprit and bows went completely under, sousing the sailors who trod the deck, while the intrepid Sam, in danger of having his head knocked off by the restless boom, had taken refuge within the door of his companion-way, and seemed to lose all heart. He was a little urchin of one-and-twenty or more, mounted ambitiously upon a pair of enormously high-heeled boots, which served to make his footing at this time the more insecure. He had on a dandy blue jacket, covered with buttons, which were meant to look like those of the Royal Yacht Club, though instead of those initials they bore the humbler one of the American Packet Service. An oilcloth cap, and cloak of the same, which he in vain struggled to keep round him, completed his dress; while a face beaming with good-nature towards others and himself, and long locks of sandy hair depending at either side to please the eyes of the Portsmouth sirens, formed the ensemble of his appearance.

And now commenced the scene of disembarking our passengers; as odd a one as could well be witnessed. The only way to get into the cutter was by reaching from the channels of the ship to her

rigging, and descending along it. This was a very simple matter to sea-going characters, but not so much so to clumsy labourers and countrymen, who had moreover nearly lost the use of their limbs by sea-sickness, confinement, and inactivity. They would plant themselves in the channels, hold on with both hands to our rigging, and with eyes half shut through fear, stretch forth an exploring and ineffectual foot in search of the rattlings of the Navarin's rigging, which would sometimes rise under them, and nearly turn them over. They never would have got down if the sailors had not come to their assistance, turned them round, guided their feet and hands, and sometimes trundled them over. The baggage was now sent down with as little ceremony; slung in ropes, or tossed from hand to hand; a more beggarly assortment of clothes and furniture could scarce be met with at an auction in Saint Giles's. One box slipped from the slings upon deck, just as the Navarin gave a desperate plunge and set her whole deck afloat. The contents tumbled out, and were scattered far and wide; a dingy shirt or two, the leg of a pair of red flannel drawers, the fragments of a green surtout, a broken jar of brown sugar, which was quickly converted into salt molasses, and sundry nails, and odds and ends of half-smoked cigars, with some small

articles of plunder picked up about decks, which the second mate, had he not been better occupied, might have recognised and reclaimed. Part of our cabin passengers landed at the same time, still preserving on board of the Navarin their aristocratic advantages over the humbler worthies of the steerage, who were stowed with the baggage in the hold, while they were conducted to the narrow closet which Sam dignified by the ambitious name of the cabin. Being very desirous of seeing something of the intermediate coast, and the navigation of the river, whose pilots are so celebrated for their seamanship and dexterity, I determined to remain with the ship until she should reach London.

Our business at Portsmouth was soon over, and we were ready to depart; but such a hurricane as was then blowing, with constantly increasing violence too, furnished no fit moment to put to sea. The captain determined, therefore, to remain in our present snug anchorage until the weather should moderate. We were indeed very much disposed to thank our good fortune that we were not still in the Channel, and to appreciate the good sense of the pilot's remarks as to the inestimable value to England of the Isle of Wight as a breakwater, and the vast amount of life and property which is annually saved from destruction by its happy position.

Our interest in the fate of the pilot who had so boldly put forth in the little boat to board the Danish schooner, though it had been checked by our rapid run along the Isle of Wight, and the swiftly-passing diorama of so many picturesque objects, had not been forgotten. No sooner were we safe at anchor than we began to follow the anxious looks of the pilot in quest of his cutter, which was out of time. The individual who embarked alone in the little boat was his brother-in-law; these two, with another brother, were joined in company, owning the little craft among them. We were pleased soon after to see her heave in sight, coming down from Cowes. As she came on, however, the pilot's anxiety was greatly excited in discovering, as she sheered a little, that the boat which she towed astern was not the same one in which his brother-in-law had embarked; it was a new one, not yet painted black, as all boats on the coasts of the United Kingdom are required to be, in order to distinguish them from those of the preventive service, which alone are painted white. He saw at once that the little boat must have been lost, and that the cutter had stopped at Cowes for a spare one kept there in readiness. The painful question now occurred, what had become of the hardy fellow who had ventured forth in her? Had he been

passed without being seen by the cutter, and left to exhaust his strength at the oars in delaying the moment when the wind and tide would inevitably carry him among the breakers; or had he been run down in the dangerous attempt to pick him up, made by the single individual left alone to manage so large a vessel in a gale of wind? The fears of the pilot, in which we anxiously sympathized, were soon relieved, by finding, as the cutter came nearer, that the man was upon her deck, all life, and in possession of the helm. Passing under our stern he hailed his companion, to say that they had taken the boat in tow, and that she had been swamped in the breakers, as they crossed the Bridge. This was a loss of four or five pounds to these poor fellows, which would swallow up nearly the whole gains of piloting our ship in.

The ship being now snug, and the work done, the sailors mustered round their supper on the forecastle, having previously been comforted with each a wine-glassful of rum dispensed to them at the mainmast by the second steward; while we were summoned to discuss a saddle of mutton, with sundry other good things, in the more comfortable, though perhaps not happier, sanctuary of the cabin. The conversation naturally turned upon the lost boat, for which we all agreed that the Dane

should, in justice, be made to pay. The pilot said that all that could be got from him, when there was time to look to the matter, was half pilotage for following us in. He seemed to take the matter very philosophically; "There must be losses as well as gains, my masters, in all trades." He added, that the loss of a boat was a frequent occurrence to them, with now and then a man; and sometimes a cutter was lost with all on board. They had lost as many as three small boats in one winter.

CHAPTER III.

PORTSMOUTH.

Sail to Portsmouth in the Navarin—Sensations on Landing—A Stagecoach—Dress and Appearance of the Population—Buildings and Shops—The invisible Dock-yard—Sailors on Shore—English Steamers—A Family Group.

On the morning after our arrival at Portsmouth the weather had greatly moderated; but as the distance to the entrance of the Thames was only about one hundred and twenty miles, the captain determined not to sail until the evening, so as to have daylight in passing that part of the coast from Dungeness to Margate, where there are some dangers to be avoided, and where daylight is necessary to procure a pilot.

As we had the whole day before us, the captain proposed a visit to the shore; and we straightway embarked in the Navarin, under the guidance of the doughty Sam, whose energies, rising as the gale abated, were now quite equal to the management of his craft. He had shaken out all his reefs, set his largest jib, fidded his topmast, and carried the American ensign with a swagger at the truck, instead of hanging it with a depressed and dish-

cloth air in the rigging. The old sailor, to whom he had very willingly abandoned the honour and responsibility of command the day before, as he escaped from the salt spray and the sallies of the mainboom to the protection of the companion-way, was now again degraded to the condition of a fore-mast hand, and turned upon the forecastle, while the youthful skipper, perched upon his high-heeled boots, grasped the helm with a knowing cock of the eye, and issued his commands with the authoritative air of a newly-caught midshipman.

A quick and pleasant sail brought us under the fortified point of land which forms the entrance to the beautiful harbour of Portsmouth. Here a number of convicts were at work; many of them wearing chains, which clanked as they moved along. The entrance to the harbour being quite narrow, offered a very lively scene; small steamers were arriving and departing; boats were crossing from the town to Gosport with passengers; square-rigged and smaller vessels were entering or beating out; while in the harbour above, lay several cruisers at their moorings. Among them was a stately three-decker, which wore the flag of the admiral. It was Nelson's ship—the ship which so nobly upheld the banner of England at Trafalgar, and bore the worthy and well-won name of the Victory.

We had scarce reached the neighbourhood of the shingle beach which forms the landing-place, ere we were surrounded by watermen anxious to turn an honest penny in carrying us ashore. At the beach, another set of worthies obsequiously aided us to land, and offered their services in transporting our luggage. Neither the captain nor I was in a condition to need their services; but we delivered up to their tender mercies our young countryman, who had not landed the day before; his luggage was overhauled by the custom-house officer with somewhat less scruple for having felt the touch of his silver, and passed from one hand to another until it reached the top of a stagecoach, which was waiting for him, and where he hastened to place himself also, relieved in a very few minutes of the weight of sundry sixpences and shillings, transferred to the greasy pouches of watermen, dock-rangers, and coach-porters. Being a disinterested witness, and at leisure to observe, I could not help smiling at the respectful courtesy with which each claimant commended himself to the attention of the sufferer, lifting his hat, and proffering the sententious words, "Waterman, sir!" "Porter, sir!" "Coach-porter, sir!" and contrasting it with the air of well-bred indifference with which, when the demand was listened to and the

sixpence hidden, each turned away in search of other victims.

A ship careering proudly under a cloud of bellying canvass is a noble object; the ocean, with its vastness, its monotony, its symmetric boundary, met by the blue dome of the overhanging heavens, its unfathomable depths, and the huge monsters that alone have penetrated their unrevealed mysteries, is full of sublimity and grandeur. But with what rapture do we not ever exchange the ocean, with all its sublimity, and the winged messengers by whose aid we are able to traverse it, for the firm footing and the more varied spectacles of the land! More than a third of my life has passed upon the water, and for years together I have never slept out of a ship; yet, after all, the land is the only place for life and for enjoyment; but the zest with which we regain it can only be appreciated by those who have gone forth into the sea in ships; and they only can understand the interest and attraction with which the eye reverts to a thousand familiar objects. The mariner will bear witness with me to the sensation of almost delirious rapture with which, after a long voyage and a familiarity with no other odours than those of the sea itself, or the staler exhalations of the ship in which we traverse it, we first, even while the land is as yet unseen, snuff the perfumes

of meadows in temperate climes, or the aromatic gales which the land-breeze wafts to us from some fair island within the tropics.

We had scarcely landed before our attention was taken up by a battalion of foot soldiers, marching down to embark in small boats for Gosport. Their well-drilled air, the high order of their accoutrements, and the gaudy, flamingo-like glare of their scarlet coats, with the fluttering of their colours, and the clang of the martial music to which they marched, all formed a spectacle on which I was for a moment arrested to gaze; but, after all, perhaps I was more delighted with the appearance of the stagecoach, in which my fellow-passengers were just starting for London. The neat, graceful, compact form of the pretty toy, the mettled and impatient air of the shining and well-groomed horses, the high polish of the harness, and admirable order and neatness of the whole affair, together with the stately and consequential air of the portly and well-muffled coachman, as he ascended to his box with the mien of a monarch seating himself upon his throne, all delighted me while yet the vehicle was in repose. When, however, the guard mounting behind called forth the characteristic "All right!" and the stable-boys who held the horses had released and abandoned them

to their impatience, the whip cracked, the wheels began to spin round, and the pavements to rattle, while the veils of the fair occupants of the top of the coach streamed out from the rapid motion, and the whole presented an array of excited and happy faces, I thought the scene one of the most spirited and striking that it was possible to behold; and the sensation with which I contemplated it worth all the musings of sublimity with which, for want of something better, I had fed my imagination on the outward voyage.

Leaving the seaside, in the hope of escaping altogether for an hour or two from nautical associations, we penetrated into the town. In coming from America, the streets looked narrow and confined; the houses low, antiquated, contracted, and ill-built; and the effect of the seacoal smoke, in connexion with an atmosphere in itself covered and overcast, was gloomy and depressing, aiding the influences of a temperature which, though apparently not cold for the season, was raw and chilling. The population did not, however, seem to suffer in their health, or allow themselves to be depressed in spirits by the action of any such causes as these. They were ruddy, hale, and robust, and seemed very well satisfied with their climate and their condition. Many had breeches, stout woollen stockings, and

smock frocks; and the variety of their costume was very pleasing after the monotony so prevalent in America; where, bating some difference in texture and fashion,—less there, owing to the comfortable and independent condition of the labouring classes, than in any other country,—all dress as nearly as possible in the same way. The women wore cotton gowns, gay-coloured handkerchiefs, warm cloaks, gipsy hats of straw, and stout shoes, with clogs of wood or iron. These were country people apparently who had come to town with game, vegetables, worsted stockings, and other articles, which they were selling in the squares and markets. There were, too, a number of French women with eggs, who did not seem to be in any particular favour with the beldames of the land. Among the people of the better orders I fancied that I discovered an air of greater health, larger size, fairer and finer complexions, and a less saturnine expression of countenance. Instead of the ease, independence, and proud carriage of the republic, however, their demeanour seemed constrained and formal, as if each were acting in imitation of some established model. The women had better complexions and a brighter look than those I had seen as I rode down Broadway to embark; but their figures were robust, stalwart, and redundant, with large extrem-

ities, and a determined and heavy tread; their dress, too, was far less elegant and tasteful, and evinced a less happy judgment in the selection and contrast of colours; still it had the appearance of being both appropriate and comfortable; and the thick shoes, the heavy shawl, and circling boa, seemed much more conformable to right reason and the fitness of things than the silks, the lace, and feathers of our light and tripping country-women. Upon the whole, these had a sturdy, wholesome, substantial, enduring, and serviceable look, as contradistinguished from the somewhat too gossamer forms, the graceful carriage, and distinguished air of the American fair.

As we strolled through the streets, I was struck with the extreme neatness of the shops, and, on entering one or two to purchase a few trifles, with the address, civility, and obligingness of the shopmen; though the conventional eloquence with which they recommended their wares, and insisted on their being precisely what the purchaser was in need of, however respectful and obsequious, had in it something obtrusive and impertinent. I found in England that it is not the practice to enter shops, inspect goods, ransack shelves, and give much trouble without purchasing, as is not unfrequently done in America: a practice which argues more

forbearance in the shopman than consideration or sense of good breeding in his lounging and yawning visiter.

The shops here were nearly all open to the air, which was an evidence of the mildness of the climate. Another point which particularly distinguished them from those of America, was the frequent occurrence of stalls of butchers, fishmongers, and poulterers; which, in America, being all collected in the public markets, are here, as on the continent, spread about at intervals, with the same view to the advantages of position and the supply of a neighbourhood as the shops of grocers or hosiers. Whole sheep and calves hang up at the front of the butchers' stalls, considerably curtailing the dimensions of side-walks already sufficiently narrow; and parts of dismembered animals, joints, sirloins, and the inferior offal that announced the food of the poor, were hung about on hooks within doors, or suspended over the street. I never anywhere saw meat so nicely prepared, though it looked so preposterously fat and bloated that I fancied that the art which is still so extensively practised in France is not yet forgotten here, where it was well known in those days when the redoubted Talgol was tauntingly told that—

"Not all the pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown up veal,"

would avail to save him from the ire of Hudibras. Though the meat looked coarse and puffy, it seemed to possess the rudiments of life and restoration, to judge of its effects upon the dispenser of these wares; in almost every case, a hale, hearty, rotund, and cheerful-looking personage, in well-filled top-boots, neat apparel, and scrupulously clean apron, from whose drawing-string depended a shining knife and steel. There was something in the portly size, the rosy rubicund hue, and the cheerful, whistling, hey-day air of each and all of these worthies, which seemed to illustrate very conclusively the relative advantages of meat and vegetable diets. A well-drawn figure of one of these worthies, and of a lean, thread-bare, and attenuated peasant of Erin's unhappy isle, would serve as no bad or unfair personification of Mr. John Roastbeef and plain Pat Potato.

The fishmongers' stalls also made a very attractive appearance. The fish, lobsters, and neatly-washed oysters were displayed on clean stone slabs, inclined to the street, so as to expose the commodity to the customers, and carry off the water with which it was frequently refreshed. The poulterers also suspended their wares most temptingly within and with-

out their shops. They consisted chiefly of hares, partridges, and pheasants with very rich plumage and long tail-feathers; also of venison, turkeys, geese, and chickens, prepared for the broach, or partially divested of their feathers from the breast and bodies, and left with their wings and heads untouched. Having just landed from a three weeks' voyage, which had been passed in demolishing, and then, to prolong the pleasure, discussing the merits of real wild game from a wild country, and of the best flavoured poultry and provisions, and which in short had been devoted wholly to gastronomy, I did not contemplate the spectacle of these edible appliances with all the rapture that I might have done in other passages of my life, and at the termination of other voyages in far distant seas, where I had been half starved for months together. I could, however, well sympathize in the yearning and voracious glances with which some young midshipmen, just landed from a newly-arrived cruiser, whose sunburnt countenances, contrasting with the light locks of England, proclaimed them wanderers from some torrid clime, eyed these treasures of good cheer. They seemed to have but little admiration to spare for the fresh and blooming faces of their passing countrywomen; though this indifference was not unlikely to give place to more ardent feelings in

their subsequent walks, after they should have provided for the comfort and refreshment of their inner man at the George Inn, which they now entered under the guidance of the oldest of the party, round whom the younkers rallied, and who seemed chosen to act as commodore in the land cruise on which they had so heartily and so adventurously set out.

Strolling along the ramparts of the town, we caught some glimpses of the surrounding country. It was flat and monotonous for some miles, until bounded by a line of chalk hills of no great height. The whole expanse was divided into small fields, carefully separated by hawthorn hedges, out of which grew at intervals an occasional elm-tree. Some were still green with grass, others elaborately cultivated, and clothed in every direction with white cottages, surrounded by stacks of hay and corn, or with tasteful villas, of forms as various as individual caprice could suggest.

Though very anxious to see the Dock-yard, I did not, of course, attempt to gain admittance. All persons entering it are required to record their names and places of residence at the gate; and foreigners are only allowed the privilege in virtue of a specific order from the Admiralty. Such is the vigilant yet ineffectual jealousy with which England watches over all that pertains to her waning

dominion on the ocean; and those wooden walls which extend the arm of her power everywhere to the remotest seas, and display her proud banner flauntingly and disdainfully in the eyes of an overawed world. If there were any thing new in the science of naval war in England, a single month would, in this age of publicity, reveal it to the whole world. The power of the British navy consists in the vast collection of materials, the number of her ships, in the skill and experience of her officers, and the excellence of her seamen, nurtured in a commercial marine which covers every sea. Add to this the vast wealth, the accumulated capital, and untold treasures which are the production of previous and still-sustained industry, and which give life and energy to her other resources, and we have the real causes of England's naval superiority, which does not consist in any exclusive ingenuity in the construction and equipment of her ships. The foreigner who would steal into the Portsmouth dock-yard with any surreptitious purpose, would probably be found studying the models of the President, the Endymion, the Blonde, or some captured Spaniard, and not in carrying off any outlines of those crazy and dancing cockboats, in which the forms of caiques and polacres, intended to traverse circumscribed and sheltered

seas, are extended to the largest ships, turned out to roll and wallow in the full-grown billows of the Atlantic; or attempting to gain a useful idea in construction in the building-sheds of a navy which is abandoned to a wild spirit of innovation, trampling upon established rules and all that experience has consecrated, and which is given up to the ruinous guidance of charlatans and yacht-fanciers.

Though we did not enter the dock-yard, we took a look at the gate that gives admission to it, and enjoyed a broadside view from the land, of the noble old Victory. The beach and adjacent streets were crowded with jolly sailors; some, just discharged, had yards of riband hanging from their neat trucks, and fluttering like the pendants of so many cruisers, and the gilded chains of one or more watches dangling from their tight-set waistbands. These rolled over the ground with a glorious swagger; and, in their trim gala air, were the very opposites of some other worthies, who, with tattered shirt, bunged-up eyes, and minus the jacket which they had doubtless swallowed in the shape of rum the day before, were skulking to a house whence depended a union-jack, to which was pasted a handbill, setting forth that able seamen were required for His Majesty's service. These fellows work hard three years at sea, and

recreate a week on shore; if indeed that can be called recreation which, if it does not kill them outright, often severely injures their health, and leaves them more exhausted than months of toil and privation. The different favour and estimation in which these poor victims seemed to be held by the luring syrens that filled the streets, and ogled or frowned from the windows, furnished a true though low-lived picture of worldly interestedness. Never before did I see such teeming evidences, and so much of the outward and visible signs of vice, as in these my rambles through the streets of Portsmouth. I might perhaps have been led to draw conclusions unfavourable to the chastity of England, herself so critical, so prudish, and so unforgiving in her estimation of her continental neighbours, had I been in any hurry to draw conclusions of any sort; or, had I not remembered that, besides being a garrison town, this was the great rendezvous of the greatest navy in the world, and that sailors, somewhat earlier than the days of Horace, were already allowed by universal consent to be a wicked and perverse race, without morals and without religion. Wo is me, brother sailors! we lead but a dog's life in this world. Is it only that we may be the more certain of roasting in the next?

It would have been too much good fortune to have made two passages in one day with Captain Sam in his Navarin. There were, however, steamers running at stated hours from Portsmouth to Ryde, off which the Hannibal was lying, and we got on board one of them at two o'clock. There is no wharf or pier for the accommodation of passengers here. The port is lined with a shingle beach, on which the boats are hauled up. The steamer lay at a short distance from the shore, stemming the tide, and we reached her in a small boat. This steamboat, like all in England, was of very different construction from ours in America; most of ours being constructed to run on rivers and in smooth water. Here there are no rivers, the harbours are generally more or less open, and all boats are occasionally exposed to a heavy sea. Hence they are constructed fuller and deeper, and have no superstructure of any sort, such as pavilion-decks, and roofs for the shelter and comfort of passengers. None of their machinery is on deck; and were it not for the funnel emitting a black coal-smoke, and the paddle-wheels, there would be nothing in the appearance of their hulls to distinguish them from sailing vessels, for they are even painted in the same way. The travelling-beam and piston, which work up and down in sight in

our boats, here move horizontally below. Perhaps this is one reason why the celerity in English steamboats is so inferior to ours; for, extravagant as the disparity may seem, I do not believe that the average celerity of all the boats in the United Kingdom is more than equal to half that of American steamers. In a noble steam ship-of-war, recently built in England, having two engines of each one hundred and ten horses, the length of the stroke is only five feet, while with us it would be just double. The disparity in speed is not wholly, but indeed very partially, owing to the flat construction of our boats, and the different character of the navigation. In shoal water it is more difficult to displace the resisting fluid, and the velocity is checked. We have steamers built of deeper draught for the navigation of the Long Island Sound, one of which, the Lexington, has a uniform speed of eighteen statute miles the hour; and the Charleston packets, which are exposed occasionally, in passing along the Gulf Stream, to as terrific storms and as dangerous seas as any to be encountered on the boisterous coasts of the United Kingdom, go at a velocity of from twelve to thirteen knots.

But to return to our little steamer now on her way to Ryde, she scuffled along at the rate of six

or seven knots. She was evidently doing her best to oblige us, and it would have been cruel to complain. Though there was no gilding, brass, or ornament of any sort about this boat, she was scrupulously neat, and the sailors employed about her were better clad, and evidently a better class of persons, than those usually seen in ours. The air being raw and chill, I went below to the cabin, which I found exceedingly small. Instead of the rich and costly woods, the gilding, carving, carpets, and tapestry which are found in most of our boats, all was here plain and simple, the joiner's work being unadorned and merely painted white, with an oilcloth and green cushions of moreen; here however, as on deck, the cleanliness and order were admirable.

The little cabin was occupied, as I entered it, by a very interesting group, consisting of a young gentleman, and a lady of great beauty and elegance, who was evidently his wife. Beside her sat a nurse, whose good looks, though of a more substantial character, were not without claims to admiration, and who was endeavouring to amuse a pretty boy of two or three years, and divert his mind from the effects of the boat's motion; in which task she had a most useful coadjutor in a little spaniel dog, very prettily spotted, and with long silken ears. There was an air of mutual confidence and affection be-

tween the happy pair, which evinced itself in none of those sickening epithets and mawkish dalliance which married people not unfrequently indulge in, for the edification of others whom chance has sent as spectators of their exhibition; but in every quiet look, word, and action. Nothing delights me more than the spectacle of a happy group thus blessed in the present, and with hope to gild each cloud that hangs about the horizon of the future. Every thing, indeed, seemed in good keeping in this charming living picture after the manner of Raphael. The noble, manly, protecting air of the husband; the grace, the delicacy, the soft security and confiding repose of the wife; the more solid and substantial charms of the rustic fair one; and the innocence of the child, at the age when children first begin to have any interest, were all aided by the effect of graceful drapery and well-chosen colours. To render the scene complete, they were surrounded by a thousand little appliances of comfort and luxury, which were all called into use in the course of our short voyage. A neat port-folio was first produced and opened, exhibiting the combination of compactness and high finish, which luxury and refinement have given rise to among a highly civilized people. There was no table in the cabin, but the obliging husband contrived to make one of his lap; while

his wife penned a hasty line to put in the post at Ryde, in order to announce a safe arrival to some dear friend from whom they had recently parted. This care disposed of, a basket was produced and unpacked, which was found to contain the very opposites of the intellectual contents of the port-folio, in the shape of sandwiches, done up in white paper, and an entire roast chicken. Ere they made any inroad upon their store of good things, they very politely and cordially invited me to partake. An act of courtesy like this would have been obvious enough on the continent; and in Spain would surely, under like circumstances, have been practised by the humblest peasant or muleteer; but I certainly was not prepared for such civility by a slight intercourse with various repulsive specimens of English people in my own country and elsewhere. As I had not, however, come to this country armed, in imitation of the amiable example of its travellers in my own, with a set of opinions to which facts were by some means to be accommodated, I very willingly stored up the circumstance in my memory as a pleasing incident, which I am happy to record. Perhaps the attention may have been unusual, and owing to my removing my hat and bowing as I entered an apartment, of which, though public for all the passengers, they were the only occupants, having ren-

dered it probable that I was a foreigner. At any rate, I learned on this occasion one lesson of national manners, which was confirmed by all my subsequent experience. This was, the sensible custom of English people, of going always armed with eatables to sustain their energies and keep alive their enthusiasm. The pleasures and excitement of a journey, the rapture which is enkindled by the contemplation of fine scenery, or the ecstasy with which the soul is moved by the triumphs of music at a festival or an oratorio, are never in England allowed to be diminished by the inward discomfort of an empty stomach. There is a sympathy of feeling on this subject throughout the land; and never shall I forget the loud and enthusiastic burst of loyalty with which I once saw King William greeted by an overflowing house at Drury Lane, as he accompanied his cup of tea by the customary bread and butter, eating, as one remarked beside me, exactly like a common person.

But to return to our little steamboat; she ere long stopped under the stern of the Hannibal. A boat came from the ship to take us alongside; and, soon after, we were seated at dinner, when I endeavoured as well as I could to do justice to the good cheer of the captain's table, and imitate the energetic attacks of my late friendly companions.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KENTISH COAST.

Leave Portsmouth—Beachy Head—Dunge Ness—Lighthouse sinecures—River Pilot—Shipwrecks—Appearance of the Coast—Hythe—Dover—Cinque Ports—The Downs—Kentish Wreckers.

Towards sundown we weighed anchor and stood to sea, going out from behind the Isle of Wight by the opposite entrance from which we had arrived, in coming from the west. We had come in by the Needles, and now passed out by St. Helen's. The gale had ceased, and though the sky was still gloomy and overcast, the pilot, and those who could judge in an English sense and speak advisedly, pronounced the weather beautiful. The wind blew gently from the south, and we swept quietly along the coast. As the day declined, and the darkness spread around, the beautiful beacon-lights of this admirably marked coast grew into distinctness and brilliancy. The salutary care of a government, watchful of the lives and property of its subjects, has provided lights at every headland and place of danger. These are visible from twenty to thirty miles in fine weather,

are distinguished by their colour, phases, and periods of revolution, and have sufficient power to pierce the gloom which ordinarily envelopes the coast to a distance sufficient to secure the safety of the watchful mariner. Other intermediate points of inferior note, having piers or natural harbours, have beacons of less brilliancy, which are placed on the extremity of the moles, and called tide-lights; because they are only lit towards high water, when alone it is possible to enter. In this way we passed the Owens, which mark the existence of a danger; a brilliant collection of gas-lit streets, sloping down a hill side, marked the site of Brighton, a city exclusively of the rich, then the residence of the court, and the scene of festive revelry; at length the brilliant, meteor-like light of Beachy Head blazed up in the direction of our course, to remind me of one of the commonest of sea similes, applied equally, in narrative, to ships and women—"She loomed like Beachy Head in a fog."

Having walked the deck until a late hour, excited by the balminess of the gentle south breeze, the steady and quiet motion of the ship, and the bright array of lighthouses, beacons, and illuminated cities of Sussex, past which we nearly and leisurely glided, I retired at length below, with the

determination of being out again betimes. The day was dawning as I rose, and we were off that southern point of the coast of Kent which, stretching out into a low sandy headland, is known by the name of Dunge Ness. Here is a very fine light, whose power and brilliancy we could still appreciate, though the gathering day had already announced the coming of nature's luminary. If, however, it were nearly as brilliant as the sun, it was not by any means so cheap. I forget, now, how much the Hannibal had to pay each voyage for this Dunge Ness light; but I well remember that she and other ships make up for Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, the pretty purse of four or five thousand pounds over and above the annual expenses of maintaining this light. I was told, moreover, that Mr. Coke, whose name was familiar to me among the distinguished Englishmen of the day, was an individual of enormous patrimonial wealth, and of elevated character, and honourable estimation in the land. He had repeatedly declined being called to the peerage. He was a very great patriot; indeed, he owed to his patriotism, that is, if patriotism and whig principles be admitted to be synonymous, the late renewal of the charter from Trinity House, or from whencesoever it came, securing to him this rich sinecure, chargeable to the

commerce of the country, for other ten years. I think, in declining to be called My Lord, Mr. Coke might very consistently have put back this dishonourable subsidy, the want of which to him would have involved the abridgment of no luxury, but which is felt oppressively as added to the burdens of merchants, ship-owners, and masters, toiling, economizing, and exposing themselves to become owners also.

Daniel O'Connell—by whom, however, I am by no means disposed to swear—being without fortune, has devoted those rare talents and acquirements, and that brilliant eloquence, which might have conducted to the highest honours and unbounded wealth, to the restless and unwearying advocacy of Ireland's wrongs. For these services he receives, as a voluntary offering from his countrymen, such sums as his professional labours would make his own with less vexation at the bar, or the tythe of what he might throw away in patronage upon his family, had his vocation been for office. For the receipt of this voluntary tribute he is each day proclaimed infamous to the world, branded as a selfish and sordid spirit, and the most wretched of beggarmen. Mr. Coke, of Holkham, being the hereditary possessor of unmeasured acres, extorts compulsorily four thousand pounds from ship-owners, skippers,

and smack masters, which the legislative obliquities of the land permit him to levy, and for which he renders no service in return. Yet the world's estimation, denouncing O'Connell as infamous, proclaims *him* just, generous, and a patriot.

It so chanced that the first English newspaper which came in my way contained some evidence, given by a distinguished merchant before a committee of the House of Commons, on the depressed condition of the shipping interest. To enforce his opinion, he stated, that if any person would place at his disposal a thoroughly equipped ship, without the payment of any consideration, and simply upon the condition of his keeping her in repair, he would not consent to sail her in times like the present. The individual was upon oath; perhaps he had been broken in by swearing to manifests. At any rate I did not believe him, for I read his evidence soon after it was given, in working up the Thames, and surrounded by fleets of ships and teeming indications of a not motiveless or unprofitable activity. Though I did not believe the case to be so extreme a one, yet I placed the circumstance beside the other of the Dunge Ness light, and could not help wondering that a country which has become great by freedom and by commerce, should permit

the sources of its power to be thus obstructed and preyed upon.

The day now grew apace. The chalky hills of the interior grew into distinctness, and many towns scattered along the coast testified to the populousness of this maritime county. There were fleets of outward-bound vessels anchored under the land, waiting a wind to get to the westward. The sky, though overcast, did not indicate rain or inclement weather; the water, being free from swell and of a very bright green, was stirred into miniature billows by the growing breeze. Here the Thames pilots cruise for the inward-bound from the Atlantic. We soon saw one, having her signal up and standing towards us. She was a small cutter of thirty or forty tons, under reefed sails. We found that she had been out a week, and of course had encountered the tremendous gale we had rode out under the Isle of Wight. Though clumsy, awkward, and apparently unmanageable, these cutters must certainly be excellent sea-boats to live in such weather. The boat's crew of four which pulled the pilot alongside were a very hardy, weather-beaten set; their mode of life exposes them to frequent storms and rain, and the perpetual drenching of the salt spray; they were, however, most comfortably clad in suits of tarpaulin,

coal-heaver's hats, huge boots, and canvass petticoats. The pilot was a pursy little man, with a braggadocio air and a nautical swagger. He had a copper nose and a red eye, that showed that he knew how to empty a bottle. He fully proved this ere we reached Gravesend, as well as that, both as a pilot and a seaman, he was very competent to the discharge of his duty. The boat's crew, except one, followed him up, besieged the cook for raw pork, levied a bottle of rum, and contrived to exact an extra glass each before their departure.

During breakfast, the pilot regaled us with an account of some of the wrecks, attended with loss of life, which had occurred since the last voyage of the Hannibal. Quite recently, a Quebec ship had been cast ashore near Calais, and lost nearly the whole of her crew. The pilot expatiated on the inhumanity of the French in not making greater efforts to save them. By his own admission, however, those who reached the land had been nursed with the greatest kindness; and I not long after saw an account of a most singular act of hardihood and courage of some French fishermen, in saving the crew of an English vessel, at the great risk of their own lives, and under the impulse of humane feelings alone. Their heroism was commended in all the English papers, and the bounty of the sov-

ereign was most becomingly bestowed upon them. The vituperation of the pilot was only the effect of the national antipathy, still existing in all its force among the amphibious inhabitants of the opposite coasts.

Our course lay very close to the coast. It blew fresh immediately along it, and we drove rapidly before the wind with square yards. After breakfast we were opposite to Hythe. This was the native place and the chosen retirement of our worthy fellow-passenger, the half-pay captain. He had expressed the hope the day before, that some boat would be off as we passed the town, and that he should be able to get on shore in time to go to church with his wife and little ones. I found the captain anxiously looking with the glass, in the hope of seeing some one of the objects of his affection. He pointed out to me his abode; a stone house, pleasingly situated on a terrace of the sloping cliff. One of the gables was overrun with an evergreen creeper, and it had an inviting, habitable look, as of a place to which one might become attached, and be satisfied to live in for ever. At no great distance stood the village church; a venerable and time-honoured pile, of various architecture, the patchwork combinations of remote ages. Its clear and clarion-like bell was sending over down

and cliff the preliminiary notes of invitation to the faithful to bestir themselves, put on their gayest holyday suits, and repair to take part in the religious offices of the day. On the naked downs surrounding the town, flocks and herds were placidly grazing on the still partially-verdant herbage. Occasionally a cow, standing on the top of the ridge, was brought out through the half misty sky in strong relief, so as to seem of preternatural dimensions. A gentleman on horseback, and followed by his dog, was picking his way across the fields in the direction of the village.

The captain seemed very full of the antiquities of his little town, a place indeed not unknown to fame; and which, being one of the Cinque Ports, makes no inconsiderable figure in the early naval history of England. He gave me a full account, pointing too to the localities, of a very dreadful battle fought here against an army of invading Danes; who, having effected a landing, were defeated after terrible efforts, and put to the sword. A huge vault beneath the chancel of the church, he said, was filled with the bones of the slain in this day of peril.

It blew fresh, and no boat came off to us. I really sympathized in the disappointment of the veteran captain, when he found himself carried past

his house at the distance of not more than a quarter of an hour's sharp walking, such as, in his vexation and impatience, he was wasting on the deck of the Hannibal. Each familiar object was plain in view; he descanted upon the healthfulness of the situation; the commanding nature of the view; the agreeable walks; and the array of comforts within which he had intrenched himself in his smiling habitation. To me the place appeared full of attraction, though unhallowed by the consecrating power of past association. And yet he was preparing to leave this abode, so endeared to him, for a new and distant home in a wild country. He had bought land in Canada, and had come out for his family. His reasons for emigration were that his children were growing up; though he had the means of living comfortably, yet he had no money to buy his sons commissions in the army, or titled relations to gain them preferment in the church; his portionless daughters, too, must remain unmarried. I could not help agitating the question in my mind whether, after balancing the pleasures and perplexities of his condition, he had really augmented by marriage the aggregate of his happiness. Had he lived single, he might have ended his days in tranquillity amid the scenes which had met his earliest gaze. He might have had for

ever beside him some trusty domestic, disabled, like himself, in the service of old England, and who might now share his pleasures as he had shared his whilome toils. In short, instead of the unprofitable employment of bringing children into the world without knowing how they were to fight their way through it, he might have enacted again the old but true story of my Uncle Toby and the Corporal, fighting battles and taking towns to the end of life's chapter. There was, however, an essential difference between the two parallel cases, consisting chiefly in the nature of the wounds.

Folkstone, with its steep-gabled houses of red or gray sandstone, and its shining slate roofs, soon came and went like Hythe. Ere long we were in sight of Shakspeare's Cliffs, so called because the poet has made them his own in those undying lines with which the world is familiar. They seemed to me to be not less than five hundred feet in height, and nearly perpendicular, having been undermined and crumbled by the attacks of the sea. The chalky soil was naked and revealed, being of a dingy white, save in partial spots where it was streaked with clay. Farther to the north frowned another precipitous range of cliffs of equal boldness, the two being separated by a deep ravine. On this last cliff stood toppling the antique towers

of the famous old castle of Dover, whose earliest foundation is ascribed to Julius Cæsar, and which is familiar to childish recollection as the depository of that famous gun, known as Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol, which, as nursery-maids do say, will carry a ball across twenty miles of channel, to the land of frogs and Frenchmen. Beneath the embattled walls, the face of the cliff is seen to be singularly perforated with casemates and lodgments for the garrison, being lit from the side of the precipice. Far below, partly situated on the beach at the foot of these cliffs which semicircularly surround it, partly straggling up the valley that divides them, lies the town of Dover, so important as being the nearest port to France; and the point whence, in winter, all the intercourse between the two great countries is carried on. It is built of dark stone, with slate roofs, and has the same lugubrious air with the other towns that I had seen. There is an unsafe natural roadstead here; but the harbour itself is wholly artificial, being excavated from the soil, and having massive stone piers running out into the sea, with a beacon-light at the extremity. Here vessels of an easy draught of water may enter when the tide is in, the receding tide leaving them again, with the whole harbour, to the dominion of the land. The masts of many vessels, and

the chimneys of steamers, mingled with the dark buildings. It was now eleven o'clock, the church-bells were pealing merrily, groups of gayly-dressed inhabitants were steering in a continuous current to the church, while the more ungodly strolled towards the pier. The streamers were fluttering gayly from all the vessels in the harbour; and high over cliff and battlement hung out the flag of England, in salutation of the Sabbath.

Presently we rounded the South Foreland, losing sight of Dover, and bore away along the coast due north for the bold point of the North Foreland, which forms the southeastern boundary of the estuary of the Thames. The Downs were crowded with ships; and various towns were indistinctly seen along the shore through the misty veil, which, notwithstanding the beauty of the day, circumscribed the view in all directions, and which I afterward found was a perpetual attribute of the climate. Among the chief of these towns were Deal, Sandwich, and Ramsgate. Walmer Castle was also pointed out to me at no great distance from Deal. It is and has been, from time immemorial, the residence of the Lord-warden of the Cinque Ports, a singular association, which had its origin in the early ages of the monarchy, and which was the embryo from which has grown the British

navy. It was very useful to England at the time of its creation, and is now kept alive because it is useful to one individual, who receives a salary of some thousand pounds, levied, like Mr. Coke's sinecure, on the commerce of the country. At the present moment, however, the outrage against justice is not so crying as it might be, the incumbent having served and honoured his country beyond any other living Englishman, he being no other than the Duke of Wellington.

The well-known Downs, which make so frequent and so conspicuous a figure in the naval annals of England, and are associated with the names of all her heroes from Raleigh to Nelson, are a continuous bank, which extend some eight miles along the coast, and nearly as far outward from Deal to the Goodwin Sands. The holding-ground is good, but the situation is wholly exposed to all winds, except those from the west. Here vessels bound to the Atlantic ride at anchor, in preparation for a wind which may enable them to get to sea. When the wind comes in strong from the south, they sometimes weigh, and run behind the North Foreland for a lee, and anchor off Margate. At other times they get adrift, losing their anchors and cables, and have to run for the North Sea; or, to avoid the danger of approaching the coast again

without ground-tackle, they push for the pier of Ramsgate, and dash in among the shipping at a venture. This, however, can only be attempted when the tide is in.

I looked with no little interest to the light-boat, which was the gloomy monitor to warn the mariner from Goodwin Sands; a name which awakened in my mind a thousand disastrous recollections. The first stroke on these shoals often suffices to rend the stoutest keel; the quicksands enter instantly, and, ere long, all is swallowed to the truck. The pilot related the fate of the Houglie Castle India-man, as a warning to all refractory captains, and as a sea-moral never to be forgotten. She was running for the Downs or Margate, I forget which, when a pilot hailed her captain, and offered to bring him to anchor for twenty guineas. The charge was exorbitant, and the captain commended him to the Devil; the pilot sheered off, bidding him carry his own errand. She was under close-reefed top-sails, for it blew a gale. Lord Liverpool, who was on a visit to Walmer Castle, happened to be watching her with a telescope when she struck. She gave three sallies from side to side, and disappeared entirely, ship, crew, passengers, all to her very mastheads.

There was a very large fleet riding in the Downs;

their cables were straining, and they were plunging rather uneasily, though there was little swell, and dashing the water far from their bows. They had been collecting here for several weeks, and were likely to remain as much longer; indeed, they actually did remain several months. One of the New-York packets, which, by superior sailing and great exertion, had got to sea shortly previous to this time, actually made her passage home and returned again, finding still in the Downs an Indiaman, and several other ships that had sailed in company with her from London. We exchanged the salute of colours with one unhappy American, whose patience was likely to be well tried. Our passage through this fleet was to us most exhilarating. The wind and tide were strongly with us, and we fairly flew before them. No pity for the wind-bound qualified our delight; for nothing can equal the selfish gratification with which a sailor glories in the monopoly of a staggering breeze. His own happiness were incomplete without the contrasting misery of others; besides, he is unwilling that the wind should blow the other way, lest it should exhaust itself before he is ready to have the benefit of it on the homeward voyage.

There was a vast deal of passing to and fro in boats, to alleviate the condition of the wind-bound,

and, for a consideration, to carry to these the consolations of the land; newspapers, vegetables, beef, and mutton, bottles of rum, and now and then a tearful, tender Susan, to ask if her sweet William sailed among the crew. The supply of the ships in the Downs is the great support of Deal. Their boats are famous for their speed, lightness, and safeness; and their oarsmen are no doubt the most skilful and hardy in the world. They think nothing of their own lives or of the pockets of other people. The habit of risking every thing to gain every thing makes them insatiably greedy. Their extortion for the slightest services is incredible. They are in league with the ship-chandlers on shore, and aid in extracting enormous prices from vessels requiring cables and anchors. The most delightful weather for them is a gale of wind, and a hurricane they deem the very smile of nature. A distressed vessel is the most pleasing object that their eye can rest on, and a wreck is a thing altogether lovely. Brave, active, skilful, they must ever furnish excellent recruits for the navy; reckless, turbulent, indomitable, if a new Jack Cade were to rise up, he would do well to follow the example of his predecessor, and unfurl his banner among the men of Kent.

CHAPTER V.

THE THAMES.

English Coasting Craft—French Fishermen—Ramsgate and Margate—Kentish Watermen—Tales of Shipwreck—The Convict Ship—Dangers of the Thames—Navigation of the River—The Nore—Approach to Gravesend—Leave the Hannibal.

One of the most obvious comparisons which rises in the mind of an American in approaching the coasts of Europe, is suggested by the wide difference between the coasting vessels he now sees around him and those he left on his own. He looks with wonder and derision at the shapeless and lumbering forms of cutters, ketches, and galliots, with their dark sails often tanned and painted; and contrasts their heavy, sluggish movements with the bounding, sprightly air of the small craft of his own country. He recalls to his recollection the proud majestic sloop, with her towering mainsail of white canvass, as large as that of a first-rate; the rakish fishing-smack, rising over the curling waves with the grace of a bonita; the brigantine and the pettiauger; but, most of all, his imagination reverts to the pilot-boat which bore back his last adieus, haply, as in our own case, the fleet and sylphlike Trimmer; her low hull, her graceful curve, which

might be adopted as the true standard of the line of beauty; her raking masts, her sails, white, tapering, and cut with admirable precision; her matchless speed and lightness, and the docility, ease, and grace of every flexile movement, all proclaim her the Venus of the seas. She is, to the same class of vessels in England, what the dolphin is to the shapeless skate and the bloated toadfish; what one of our airy flutterers in Broadway is to the emigrant peasant-woman beside her, with uncompassed waist, projecting elbows, high quarter-deck, straddling steps, and iron-shod hoofs;—light, easy, and Corinthian—a thing of life; she is among ships precisely what Taglioni is among women.

Among the small craft by which we were now surrounded, I was particularly struck with a French fishing-boat, which came very near to us. It was short, broad, and very deep, and entirely open to the sea; one large mast rose in the bows, to which a lug-sail was hoisted; there was a small jigger-mast abaft, and a gallows beside it on which to lower the mainmast in pulling to windward, or in order to pull the sail over it in port to make a roof for the shelter of the crew. She was rendered more uncouth by being daubed outside with pitch, save where Boulogne, with her number, was written; and by her jib and jigger being tanned of a

deep red colour. The crew were variously clad in tarpaulin jackets and trousers, or petticoats and fishermen's boots; and had on red woollen caps or coal-heavers' hats. At the helm, which was the rib of some wrecked boat about the size of his own, sat a veteran fisherman, heedlessly grasping the ominous relic. He strongly reminded me of an old sea-lion, which I once saw on a desert rock, giving the law to a family of seals of which he was the patriarch. As I gazed on the uncouth boat and her equally uncouth inmates, I half fancied her some strange sea-opossum, with its young ones in its belly. Like them, doubtless, were those Norsemen and sea-kings of old, their actual ancestors, who put forth in open cockles such as these to overrun the shores of Europe and subjugate kingdoms.

Notwithstanding the rude and lumbering appearance of this boat, she sailed well. The pilot told me, that when at anchor on the coast, they make a tent of the sail and sleep under it; at all other times they are completely exposed to spray and rain by day and night. Hardly as these poor fellows earn their existence, they are yet the objects of much envy. I gathered from the pilot, who did not seem to like them, that the English fishermen complain much of their fishing on the English

coast. They find fault with the number of men which they carry, which deters them from falling on board, beating them, and plundering their fish. They have recently petitioned Parliament to protect their invaded interests. If, however, a gale drives the Frenchmen on shore, they take the law into their own hands, and plunder and maltreat them without mercy. The poor Frenchmen steal like culprits along the coast, but rarely venturing to land to buy a few loaves of bread, which, with dry herrings and cheese, compose their food. Upon the whole, their life offers only one extended scene of danger and privation; passed as it is in contending in open boats with the almost perpetual rains, and the frightful squalls and hurricanes of this inclement coast, with the additional danger of being each night exposed to be run down in the Channel by the thousand keels that plough it unceasingly. I remember reading the next year, soon after the commencement of the herring season, that in Boulogne alone three hundred children of fishermen were already fatherless.

As we passed Ramsgate I was attracted by the noble appearance of its pier, which is one of the most celebrated of the great works of this description in England. It constitutes a harbour here, where one is much needed, into which vessels may

run, if the tide be in, after parting a cable in the Downs. In a late gale, the pilot had seen a Deal boat board a Dutch West Indiaman, sugar-laden, which had thus broken adrift from the Downs. They undertook to run her into Ramsgate; but, dropping to leeward, came full against the pier, stove her bows in, and made switchel of the whole harbour. Ramsgate is a famous watering-place; and, being at so convenient a distance from London, is much frequented by its citizens during the bathing season.

Having doubled the bold promontory of the North Foreland, we hauled our wind up the river, and soon after clewed up and anchored off Margate to wait for the morning's tide. Here also was a jetty running far into the sea, with a basin for small vessels, and a beacon-light. Though Margate was quite deserted now, the pilot told us that in summer it was thronged with cockneys; being in the river, they can reach it quicker than Ramsgate, and with less danger of getting sick in rounding the Foreland. They came here, he said, to eat fresher fish than Billingsgate affords, and take the sea "hair" into their coal-smoked and leathern lungs.

We had scarcely anchored ere one of those neat four-oared boats, like those of Deal, shot out from

the pier of Margate, and sped quickly for us under her lug-sail. As the half-pay captain was very anxious to get quickly on shore, in the hope of reaching his home that night, for we were only five-and-twenty miles from Hythe, he was delighted to see this boat come to us. I was very much amused, however, at the air of indifference he assumed as the boatmen came over the side, lest they should discover his wish. They began by offering the captain a paper; and asking, in sufficiently bad English, if they could be of any use; and whether he had any passengers to land. He answered, that his passengers all liked the ship so well, that they were for finishing the voyage with him; and, besides, there was every prospect of a fine wind the next day. The boatmen were all unanimous in prognosticating a wild night, and advised the passengers by all means to get their land tacks on board. They would land as many of us as chose to go at ten shillings a head. The captain, who seemed to understand these amphibious worthies perfectly, then hinted, that possibly one of his passengers might be disposed to go, if he could be taken on shore quickly and in a dry state; and the veteran, delighted to agree to terms so very moderate, compared with what would have been exacted from him had his eagerness been known,

hastened to collect his luggage and take leave of us. The captain then bargained with the boatmen to bring us the papers in the morning, and come off to aid us in getting underweigh.

After dinner our pilot, who had become warm and eloquent from the effect of his potations, launched forth into the relation of the wild adventures of his life of peril and hardihood. I, for one, was an attentive listener to all these tales of danger, narrated with the life and spirit of one who was telling what he had not only seen, but been part of. He recounted how, when the Juliana was lost on the Kentish Knock, two men only escaped, on a raft, hastily prepared, of oars; he had been running past the Galloper the next morning, looking to see if there were any thing to be be picked up, and discovered these two sailors: one of them was already dead, the other in the last state of exhaustion. When last seen, the captain of the lost ship was looking mournfully from the quarter-gallery window, as she lay over on her side.

It was only on the first day of the previous September that he had himself drifted from Margate roads, in a Quebec ship, and, after loss of sails, got on shore near Calais, where the greater part of the crew were drowned in the effort to reach the shore in the boat, and himself and a few others only were

saved, after undergoing incredible hardships. It was also in that same gale and on the same day that the Amphitrite was wrecked. She was bound to Botany Bay, laden with convicts, and was stranded near Boulogne. A fisherman and pilot most courageously swam off and got a rope from her, and returned with it to the land. The boat too was got out, and the convicts were about to be unironed and released from their cells under deck, by order of the surgeon having charge of them, when the surgeon's wife prevented it, and threw difficulty in the way of the arrangement, by positively refusing to go in the same boat with them. Meantime the favourable moment for escape went by. The tide rose; the waves dashed against the ship, and entered her riven sides; the shrieks and curses of the convicts a while rose high above the storm; ere long they were hushed in death. The ship was overpowered and driven in pieces by the waves. Of that fated crew, the boatswain and two seamen alone escaped to relate how horrible had been the scene. The pilot and the fisherman were rewarded by the generous liberality of the English, ever ready to kindle at the relation of a deed of heroism and humanity. Subscriptions were raised for them in London. The English king made them pensioners of the state, and the French one bestowed upon them

the more characteristic and more economical reward of the riband of the Legion of Honour. The whole of these unhappy individuals, to the number of a hundred or more—I do not now remember how many—lost their lives through the absurd scruples of a single female; a disaster which could only have been occasioned by that peculiar sort of personage, an Englishwoman of what is called the middling class.

I dreamed that night of storms, of wrecks, and the struggles of drowning men. But the morning, notwithstanding the prognostics of the watermen, dawned auspiciously. The wind was still at west, blowing nearly down the river; but the weather was fine, and the breeze just suited to work briskly. We got our anchor, and, running seaward to enter the channel, commenced beating up, having the first of the flood tide. The estuary of the Thames is a vast bay, about forty miles across, and having an open, fine appearance in an ordinary map. But when seen in the nicer delineation of the mariner's chart, it presents a frightful collection of banks, shoals, and dangers, which the tide reveals and makes bare at low water, and which at other times are only distinguished by the position of buoys of various colours; for the shore on either hand is low, remote, destitute of objects suitable for landmarks,

and is in most cases rendered indistinct, or totally hidden from view, by the prevailing obscurity of the atmosphere. The names of these shoals are not unfrequently but too well suited to recall the tales of shipwreck and dire disaster with which each is associated. Among these occur the euphonous and encouraging sounds of the Nob, Brake, Barrow, Kentish Knock, Galloper, Black Deeps, Spit, Sunk, and Shipwash. Through these the mariner has to make his way, the channel leading him not unfrequently over places which are naked, and become land at ebb. Such almost everywhere is the coast of England; and the weekly lists of wrecks and tales of perished crews during the season of storms, testify to the reality of the dangers which beset her seamen. I am particularly anxious to impress these facts forcibly upon my countrymen, in order that they may appreciate that feeling of admiration, not unaccompanied with wonder and with awe, with which I was approaching the metropolis of a country which, though inconsiderable in extent, with a climate healthful indeed, yet unsuited to rich productions, and, on the whole, unpropitious; its coasts, destitute of natural harbours, exposed to the inconvenience of excessive tides, and devastated by frequent and frightful storms, has yet risen by commerce to an eminence of wealth, power, and

consideration, of which the world had hitherto known no example.

The Hannibal, though a dull packet, easily distanced every thing we met. A large West Indiaman had started an hour before us from Margate; yet we left her so far behind that we were able to save our tide across certain flats, and get into the main channel, where we would be able to avail ourselves of the night's tide. The Indiaman, finding that the tide had left her, was obliged to put her helm up and run back in search of an anchorage, where she would have water enough to float at low tide. While she was rapidly disappearing with wind and tide, we came to anchor and clewed our sails up, holding all that we had made, and in readiness for the next flood. We had thus gained certainly one day on her in the arrival at London, possibly several, and perhaps it might make the difference to her of a gale of wind and a shipwreck. As it was, the ship was in some danger. Had we too been suddenly becalmed in crossing the flats, we should have remained dry at the ebb, and possibly have bilged. The pilots, however, understand their situation, and take care not to cross the flats unless they are sure of a wind.

With the evening's tide we were again underweigh. Though at a distance from any lights to

guide us, and surrounded by shoals and dangers; not being able, moreover, to make a straight course, but being compelled to beat, the pilot yet contrived, by his accurate knowledge of the position of the shoals and the depth of the soundings, as well as by his exact allowance for the strength of the tide, so nicely to direct the course of the ship, and calculate at all times her precise situation, that he actually made two buoys which it was all important for us to see, and passed within a few feet of them. Yet at this very time he was more than half drunk. As often as we went about, so often did he "freshen the nip." But it did not seem to stupify, but rather to excite him. He was as loquacious as possible, and kept perpetually boasting that no other pilot but himself could have handled the ship as he had done that night. The captain said that there was some truth in what he said; and, indeed, there were none but smacks and colliers in sight.

As we approached the Nore, which, like Spithead, is another great roadstead for the fleets of England, and bearing the same relation to the neighbouring dock-yards of Chatham and Sheerness that the latter does to Portsmouth, the channel narrowed, and we made our way in the midst of an immense fleet of vessels, beating up the river like ourselves; for here the various channels unite, and vessels,

whether from the North Sea or the Atlantic, join into one common current, and move forward in a vast procession, bearing the tribute of every clime to the commercial capital of the world.

The moon was up, and her yellow light gleamed in every direction on the white canvass of so many vessels. It was beautiful to behold the rapid interlacing of such a throng, which seemed at each instant to the eye to be running into each other at every intersection, until they were again seen to emerge in pride and safety. There is an order of the Trinity House, a chartered company to whose guardianship the pilotage, buoys, beacons, lights, and various other interests of commerce are intrusted, which requires all vessels, in approaching the river, to get their studding-sail booms down, the irons off the yards, and to remove every object which could hook or entangle the rigging of another vessel, in the event of two approaching each other so closely. We were often near enough to throw a biscuit on board of another vessel during the night; but we avoided any contact, and anchored at midnight off Southgate.

The pilot now descended to the cabin, and commenced an attack on a round of corned beef, with plentiful potations of brandy. Having the second mate for a listener, he fought all the battles of the

night over again, and went into the particulars of each separate tack, accompanying each, as before, with its corresponding libation. I went to sleep while they were yet carousing. More than once during the night I was awaked by the unquiet pilot, snoring and snorting like a startled horse. He was called the next morning three separate times ere he arose. The scene around us at daylight was one of unbounded activity; a hundred or more vessels, anchored about us, were hoisting their sails with the jovial glee which becomes so lively as the sailor nears his port; and the palls of as many windlasses were clanging merrily as the anchors tripped. In consequence of the delay of the pilot in getting up, the flood tide had made strongly ere we got our anchor. The wind, blowing directly down the river, drove the ship over her anchor, and we lost an hour, besides exhausting the crew, before we also were underweigh. Our consorts of the night before all left us far behind; but we were not without company, for a new set had come up and gathered round us; for upward and downward, as far as the eye could penetrate the haze, nothing but sheets of canvass were to be seen; the fluttering pinions of those winged messengers that minister to the greatness of England.

The day was bright apparently, and the air

mild, genial, and balmy. No cloud obscured the sky: yet there was a pervading and murky haze, which circumscribed the horizon in every direction within narrow limits, and through which the sun loomed forth portentously. On either hand were the low, marshy banks of the river, extending far back in monotonous alluvial plains, not unlike the banks of the Delaware, or those of the Guadalquivir, below Seville; while beyond, a range of somewhat higher land was indistinctly seen looming. The haze which overhung the scene was different from any condition of the atmosphere with which my various rambles had brought me acquainted. The captain and pilot both said that it was occasioned by the smokes of London. We were yet thirty miles off; but the wind blew directly from it, and, as I had seen nothing similar, I was willing to believe the thing possible. There was little encouragement, however, in the thought, that I was about to fix my abode, for an indefinite period, in a metropolis which was able, at the distance of half a degree, already to overshadow every thing with such an aspect of despair.

We had now left behind us the mouth of the Medway, and the vast estuary by which the Thames empties itself into the sea. We had entered the river proper, having both shores in sight,

separated from each other at a distance varying from one to two or three miles. Here the navigation, though circumscribed, becomes less intricate; the Channel extends nearly everywhere from bank to bank, and we were able to stretch completely across. The mass of vessels became here, of course, more condensed. The whole expanse of the river was covered with vessels; ships, barques, brigs, schooners, smacks, and cutters; crossing rapidly from side to side, and intersecting each other in all directions, until the canvass darkened in the distance and blended with the mists. I fancied that there might be something accidental in so vast a concourse; but the pilot and captain both told me that it is ever the same. By day and by night, the ceaseless throngs of arriving and departing vessels still pour on.

The wind was too light to enable the outward-bound to stem the tide. They lay, with their sails clewed down, at their anchors. As we glided by them, some were recognised as Indiamen, others as timber ships, others as emigrant vessels, transporting to the remote countries of the East colonies of Englishmen, destined to adapt to more auspicious climes the laws, liberties, and arts of the mother country, and haply to keep alive her literature and her language, together with the memento of her

greatness. One large black ship, whose open ports displayed gratings of stout iron bars, was bound with convicts to Botany Bay. She was filled with criminals, of a die of guilt and depth of depravity such as England only can produce. They were the victims of a system of legislation, for centuries in the hands of the rich, and used by them for the maintenance of their vantage ground, for the enslavement of the poor, to secure to them and to their descendants for ever, whatever profit is evolved by the efforts of labour, conceding only to labour the food that sustains it. They might be looked on as prisoners of war, captured in the battles of that perpetual contest which is kept up between property and poverty. They were going into exile to the fertile fields of a distant colony, which, however it may, and indeed must, become one day great, can never wholly escape from the stigma of its origin.

The steamers alone ascended or descended the river without reference to the tide. Some of them, which I was told were Scotch and Irish packets, were very large. They had light masts and yards, to use in case of accident to their machinery at sea, or with a fair wind. Some of them moved with considerable velocity. Several smaller ones were employed in towing fishing-smacks to town, in or-

der to get their fish to market in a fresher condition. We floated by the anchored vessels, and by the banks of the river in our sidelong course, coming repeatedly near enough to other vessels to have jumped on board. One Newcastle brig came so close to us in tacking under our lee, that she was obliged to let her jib-boom come in, brushing us within a foot. The colliers begged for some tobacco. Our sailors immediately emptied their hats and shirt bosoms, throwing all they had on the brig's forecastle, where there was a lively scramble for possession. In consequence of the delay and neglect of the pilot in rising, we did not reach Gravesend before the tide failed us; had we done so, a steamer would instantly have taken us in tow, and we should have reached London by the river at an early hour. We should have passed Woolwich, which conveys so formidable an idea of England's power; and Greenwich, which is so magnificent a monument of her greatness and her generosity. Thus I should gradually have approached the metropolis until the dome of St. Paul's was discovered, under the canopy of eternal smoke by which it is overhung; and, arriving in the midst of all the vast movement and activity of the Thames and docks adjoining, thence to traverse its whole extent westward, have realized that full impression

of its wealth and magnitude which I was so anxious to receive. As it was, the captain and all the passengers were about to leave the ship. Though there was no motive of impatience to impel me, and I rather clung than otherwise to the ship which bore the flag of my country, and where my condition had at least been tolerable, yet I did not like to be left alone: so I packed up, and bundled my baggage and myself into the boat with the rest. I bade good-by to the mate and the pilot, though I did not thank him for disappointing me. The captain had promised him a guinea from his own pocket, provided we reached Gravesend before the tide failed us. He gave it to him, though he had failed through his own neglect when the thing had become easy, because he had displayed so much skill the night before. As I went down the side, I did not fail to shake hands with an old shipmate of mine, who assisted me over; for his face called to mind happy days passed in a stout frigate in more poetic seas, and gay companions with whom I had there been associated.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO LONDON.

Row to Gravesend—Dover Coach—Face of Country—Scenes on the Road—Style of Vehicles—Appearance of Population—Management of the Coach—Relays of Horses—Conversation—Approach London—Shops—Street Rabble—Westminster.

We had a long and weary pull from the Hannibal to Gravesend. The distance, to be sure, was only four or five miles; but the tide was against us, and our boat was heavily laden. We kept close to the shore, passing one or more black looking hulks, the corpses of departed cruisers, anchored here as coast-guard stations, receiving-vessels for seamen, or connected with the police of the river. The banks were naked, marshy, and very unsightly. One ragged, hungry-looking ruffian, prowling along the shore, stopped to gaze at us as we passed. There was something ludicrous in his appearance, and some of our party could not suppress a smile. He was very near having the laugh on us, however. A case containing a chapeau, which had been rather insecurely perched on the top of the luggage at the stern of the boat, had got overboard, and had quietly embarked to make a little voyage of discovery on

its own account. Had it been Napoleon's little cocked hat, it could not have set out on its travels more ambitiously. The fellow was watching it with the eager spirit of a wrecker, when we fortunately discovered it, and saved him the trouble of putting in a claim for salvage.

Landing at the Custom-house quay, we were conducted to the inspector's office, where a very rigorous search took place for contraband articles. As the superior himself was present, the watermen, his subordinates, prosecuted their search with so much fidelity, that we were relieved from the necessity of bestowing on them the gratification which, in England as in Spain or Italy, is the customary retainer for unfaithful services. In France, as in our own country, this sort of tampering with government officers is unknown. One very happy exemption here, however, is from the vexation of passports. It is true that aliens are by law required to produce them; but none were demanded of us. We were therefore now free to remove our luggage, and go unmolested and unquestioned to whatsoever corner of His Majesty's dominions either fancy or fate might lead us. We blessed the benignity of the laws, accepted the boon, and made the best of our way to the Brunswick Arms.

I may be mistaken in the name of the inn, but

am sure, at least, that it stood at the corner of the main street, being the high road from Dover to London. It was a low, antiquated brick building, having the exterior almost hidden under the placards of coaches. Within was a bar, with a formidable array of decanters and kegs of strong waters, duly labelled; and a safe, filled with cold joints of meat adjoining. The presiding deity here was a neat and tidy handmaid; plump, buxom, and rosy, just then engaged in pumping, with one of a variety of brass handles, a foaming tankard of "heavy wet" for a well-known coachman, whose arrival a bugle was merrily announcing. Beyond was seen a little parlour, plain though neat, to which a seacoal fire imparted an air of cheerfulness; illumining, as it flickered on an engraving, the huge protruding fish-eye, and heavy animal-like countenance of the third George, of glorious memory.

And now the rattling wheels, the cracking whip, and tramping hoofs of the Dover coach, called forth inn-keeper, bar-maid, stable-boys, mischievous urchins, and all the idlers of the neighbourhood. The horses were pulled back upon their haunches, and stopped as if shot; the reins were thrown down on either side; the whip given unceremoniously to the envied occupant of the box-seat; and the coachman descended, with a princely air of condescension, to

the dirty level of the earth. A ladder was placed at the back of the coach for the accommodation of some pretty and neatly-dressed young women, and the guard, with decent and pious care, preserved their clothes from discomposure as they descended backwards.

While the captain inquired for places, I read with curiosity on the coach the ostentatiously displayed words, Plough, Ship, Elephant and Castle, Bull and Mouth, the names, as I afterward had occasion to learn, of well-known inns with which the coach was in connexion. There were just five seats, corresponding exactly with our number; two insides and three outs, as the guard hastened to assure us. Within the coach was a grave, distinguished-looking gentleman, with a young man, whom I supposed from his attention to be his son. Without were a number of young bloods, who seemed to have been slightly Frenchified by a visit to Paris. Those who had come on were much annoyed at the detention occasioned in waiting for and loading our luggage. However, five passengers were not to be despised; and there was no use, as the coachman said, to leave a couple of pounds on the road for the Nimrod to pick up. The vexation of the passengers was not, however, offensively expressed, and they endeavoured to beguile it by

walking onward in advance, after the coachman, mindful doubtless of his incoming shillings, had courteously apologized to them for the detention.

I should have greatly preferred occupying the vacant seat which fell to our share in front, in order to see something of the road, and catch a lively impression of my first entry into London; but my English fellow-passenger, the graduate of Cambridge, more mindful of his own convenience than of what was due to the rules of good companionship, or the curiosity of a stranger, hastened to possess himself of it without prelude or apology. It only remained for me to mount to the less commodious station behind, having my back to the horses, and my vision, moreover, obscured in that direction by the toppling mass of luggage that overhung me. There was something, however, redeeming in my situation. Instead of the five bloods disfigured by the superadded dandyism of London and Paris, here were five ladies' maids, not wholly unsophisticated, as I discovered in the course of the drive, yet far more attractive than the dandies. They formed part of the establishment of some people of distinction or of wealth, who changed horses at an adjoining posthouse, and passed us at a gallop while we were taking our seats. All except one had beauty of some sort; and not one of them had that curse of

scragginess which a writer, not less prejudiced than clever, ascribes, with what truth I will not pretend to say, as an attribute to my country-women.

It was natural enough that, even in this unhappy predicament, I should endeavour to reap all the pleasure I could from such share of good things as the gods had sent me. Accordingly, after carefully reconnoitring the premises, I proceeded to plant myself opposite a very pretty fair-haired English girl, with cheeks of carnation, a fresh mouth exhibiting an array of strong white teeth, and overhung by a full, pouting lip; while beside me was another damsel, not less pretty, though in a different style; a Parisian grisette, apparently full of grace and minauderies, whose coquettishly arranged attire, with its well selected colours, evinced her qualifications, as a dame d'atours, to preside at the toilet of an English elegante, and correct the defective taste of the land. I was preparing, in the spirit of bonhommie, to make the best of my situation, when the guard desired me, with little ceremony, to shift over, as that was his post. I expostulated a moment with him; but he assured me that he must be there to attend the drag, and it only remained for me to obey. I had to cross to the corresponding station at the other side, having for my opponent the only ugly female of the five, to whom, I am

grieved to say, I made no apology for increasing her discomfort, as I had before done in the case of her fairer companion.

My situation here was uncomfortable enough; if I were softly cushioned on one side, this only tended, by the contrast, to increase the obduracy of a small iron rod, which served as a parapet to protect me from falling off the precipice, over which I hung toppling, and against which I was forced with a pressure proportioned to the circumstance of my being compressed into a space somewhat narrower than myself; the seat having doubtless been contrived to accommodate five men, and there being no greater anatomical mistake than to suppose there would be more room because four of them were women. As for my back, it was invaded by the sharp corner of an iron-bound box; while, to complete the catalogue of my discomforts, a row of superincumbent trunks, whose elevation corresponded with my head, were from time to time vigorously pushed against me by my identical fellow-passenger, who took, unconsciously, this mode of reviving in my mind the sense of his previous politeness.

I was of course in no condition to make observations on the picturesque; and I think the reader would be cruel indeed were he disposed to exact

from me any account of this disastrous outset of my English travels. Nevertheless, I will tell him how, when all was ready, six spirited horses, well groomed and richly harnessed, the two leaders being conducted by a trim postillion, in tight jacket, breeches, and top-boots, whirled us into rapid motion; how Gravesend did not affect me with any particular impression of grandeur or beauty. Yet it was not wholly wanting in that air of neatness and cleanliness, which I was already disposed to consider an attribute of the land. Every thing was on a sufficiently small scale, to be sure; but there were many little snuggeries, with their green doors, their highly-polished knockers, their well-trained vines and creepers, and rows of flower-pots arranged within, that haply indicated the abode of retired ship-masters or decent burghers, who, placing the little competency which the industry of their early life had secured to them beyond the reach of accident, had settled here to end their days in comfort and peacefulness. It was not, indeed, to be expected, that Gravesend should furnish any great claims to the admiration of a stranger. It is an outport of London, the rendezvous of outward and homeward-bound merchantmen, a species of nautical colony, redolent of tar, cordage, gin, and tobacco, and all that pertains to the unscrupu-

lous tastes and inelegant uses of the sea; it was, moreover, the opposite extreme to that West End whose fame has travelled beyond the seas, and might well, therefore, be accounted the antipodes of all that is elegant.

Had my bodily discomforts been a little abated, there were, however, scenes by the wayside which might have pleased my eye, and imparted to my musings an agreeable colouring. The country had not, by nature, a very picturesque conformation, and was but slightly wooded. Neither were there, as yet, any of those vast parks and venerable mansions which constitute the marked attribute of the scenery of England, and attest the magnificent tastes and unbounded wealth of her gentry. Still there were lesser undulations of the soil, over which the road wound gently, commanding, ever and anon, from the summits, views of the busy and crowded river and the country around it. The scenes, though still of the same character, were yet perpetually varying, as the road, defying the straight lines of France, of Spain, and of my own country, gently and capriciously meandered through valleys and hamlets, and over little antiquated bridges that spanned the modest streamlets. On either side were hedges of hawthorn, elder, or holly, in the place of our less picturesque enclosures; while the

precincts of the estates were yet farther marked by rows of bending elms.

There was occasionally a villa of a more modest character, quaint, yet not ungraceful in its architecture, with a paddock stretching towards the road, whose short smooth sward a pony would be cropping, teased at his meal by the caresses of a group of healthful children, under the guidance of a nursery-maid. A cow might be seen submissively yielding to the dairy-maid the healthful nutriment which was to accompany the evening meal. At the sheltered side of the house, which was usually overrun with ivy and eglantine, a small enclosure, bounded by a neat railing of iron, formed the little flower-garden, which still displayed the gaudy colouring of dahlias and roses, while gold-trees and laurels prolonged the season of verdure, and kept the idea of winter aloof. If there were nothing of luxury in all this, there was yet all that was required to impart comfort and joy to a contented mind. I saw many modest habitations like this, which, placed in my own country on any one of the thousand unnoticed and unimproved sites of my native Hudson, would have bounded the circle of my unambitious hopes.

Even the cottages of the peasantry were not only comfortable and scrupulously neat, but were over-

grown with creepers, whose deep verdure added to the brightness of the freshly whitewashed walls; while here, too, flowers tastefully arranged in the windows, and a few evergreen plants covering the narrow space which usually separated them from the highroad, gave evidence of a pervading good taste, not the exclusive attribute of the rich; and that embellishment was not wholly shut out by the mandates of uncompromising utility.

But the groups that covered the highroad, or lined the neatly-gravelled walks reserved for pedestrians at one side, furnished a yet more exciting theme for contemplation. The concourse was already great, and conveyed the idea of vast population; for the rush of stagecoaches, even at this distance from the capital, was immense. The travelling-carriages and postcoaches were passing in all directions, and the variety of vehicles was infinite. The wagons and carts were of a far more ponderous description than with us; the horses being of a large, coarse breed, particularly adapted to farm-labour and draught; with drivers heavy and boorish like their cattle. The pedestrians were either dressed in the common costume of the day, such as universally prevails with us, or else, when of the lowest classes, in frocks of blue cotton or of coarse linen, with corded breeches, leggings, and

heavy shoes. They were, for the most part, sturdy and athletic. They had more fulness of outline, freshness of complexion, and freedom from wrinkles, than the same classes in America; but the advantage in physical conformation ceased in studying their countenances, where the animal qualities seemed to predominate; giving a doltish, stupid, and brutal air, that conveyed the idea of a degraded class, envious of their superiors, discontented with their lot, and strangers, through many generations, to moral and intellectual development.

Many bore the marks of intemperance; at each instant we passed little porter-houses and dram-shops, at which most of the pedestrians halted, and which were filled with clamorous drinkers We saw several people reeling from drunkenness; one of them, being a soldier in his full accoutrements, and benevolently accompanied by two countrymen, carrying his musket and supporting him. They were probably old acquaintances, who, out of pure kindness, had made him drunk, and were now reconducting him to the barracks, and the consequences of his misconduct.

We sped onward at a tearing rate over hill and valley; the road was as smooth as if laid with rails, and nothing impeded the rocket-like rapidity of our course. Why should it? Indeed, if my

memory does not mislead me, the Rocket was the ambitious, yet not ill-worn, name of our conveyance. As we were very heavily laden, a third pair of horses, with a postillion, was added wherever the ground rose to the dignity of a hill. This occasioned no delay; each horse had its attendant hostler, alike characteristic in figure and in dress; the descendant, no doubt, of a long line of horse-rubbing ancestors; and the business of changing was managed with admirable system and despatch.

A wooden block, having a handle to it, was thrust under the hind wheel the instant we drew up, by a gray-headed retainer, worn out by hard working and harder drink; or prematurely superannuated by a kick, that left him to limp and go sideways through the world for the rest of his life; the coachman would nobly toss off the foaming tankard presented to him, and have time to offer some little conventional gallantry to the attendant and not unwilling tap-maid; and, ere a minute had flown by, the guard would say "All right!" as he ascended the back of the coach, the block be withdrawn, and the horses, leaving their blankets behind them in the hands of the hostlers, would dart away at a gallop.

Our coach, being greatly overladen, would have been dangerously top-heavy on any roads but

these. As it was, it required much care in the descents. The guard was watchful on all proper occasions to get the drag under the wheel, an operation which occasioned little loss of time from his dexterous activity. Hardly would we stop before the word "Right!" sharply repeated, would serve in itself to set the horses in motion. He was a cheery, gay Lothario, this guard of ours, who had already, in the journey from Dover, made immense advances in the good graces of the fair waiting-maids, and had especially found favour in the sight of the cherry-lipped, languishing damsel opposite him.

The intelligence which had grown up between them in so short a time was astonishing. It would have been cruel had my obstinacy in the outset interrupted the mutual yearning. "Don't go!" she would say to him, with a tender unction, when it was necessary for him to fix the drag. "You can't tell what a difference it makes when you're gone; it's so cold!" Just before, when one of the others had complained of the growing cold, a feeling which I shiveringly responded to my very bones, she replied with a charming inconsequence, "La me, Susan! how can you say so? I'm so ot. I'm burning this very minute!"

It was singular to compare the lively and con-

secutive conversation of the French girl, in her broken English, with the silly, random, flagging discourse of her companions, which was often interrupted by long pauses. They produced provisions of various sorts from their work-bags, and ate frequently. One of them, moreover, drew forth a little flask, being a better description of pocket-pistol, charged with wine. They seemed, indeed, armed at all points; were most comfortably clad, and many articles of their dress were of a rich quality, which indicated the rejected finery of their ladies. "Are you warm, Susan?"—"No, Maria, I'm ungry; where are the sandwiches?"—"We are so fortunate to have such fine weather. What would we have done had it only rained?"—"Sunday was a very fine day. It was so lively on the pier."—"The wind was very igh," said Maria. "It rained very ard," rejoined Susan; who, just before, had lauded the beauty of the weather. After pauses of silence, followed each time by a meal, their ideas would start forward, and the conversation be resumed. We were slowly ascending a hill, when one who seemed sleepy roused to ask if we were going down. "No," said the guard, chuckling at the idea of the good thing he was about to utter, "we be going up, as we often has to do in this world!" This, I afterward found,

might be considered a rare and splendid ebullition of popular wit. Countrymen of Sancho Panza! What, in this land of popular dulness, shall console me for your shrewd and ingenious cleverness, and your sententious humour?

"Is this Black Heath?" I thought of the olden time, and looked round for mounted robbers with blackened faces and in masks. Susan and the guard were talking matrimony. The poor fellow was querulously complaining, with an air of affected sentiment, that nobody would have him. He did not stay long enough in one place; he was here to-day and there to-morrow; one night sleeping in Dover, the next in London; there was no time for love-making. Then pray what are you about now? thought I to myself; for I had not the heart to interrupt him. Susan encouragingly protested, that if she were not married within the year, it would be somebody else's fault besides hers.

Presently they all talked fashion; they asked if anybody was in town; it was decided that there was nobody there; and that it was cruel to have to go there. In the month of May or June, then, indeed, the town would be so delightful, and the country so odious. I had expected to find near two millions of people in London, and was now shocked to hear that there would be nobody there;

or the next thing to it, nobody but nobodies. These fair ladies' maids seemed to have the same sort of contempt for masses and for the ignoble vulgar, that the negroes of rich planters in Virginia have for those unfortunate people who fall under the denomination of "poor white folks."

Various were the towns we passed through, and countless were the objects that caught my eye, and presented themselves as curious to my imagination. The sky was unobscured by a single cloud, yet the stars in vain struggled to reveal themselves through the thick and murky medium which man had interposed. The moon, though at the full, shone not through the lurid smoke, but seemed hung over head like a gas-light of greater magnitude, or an ill-illuminated balloon. At length we traversed Deptford, and the chain of houses became nearly continuous on either hand until we entered the borough of Southwark, and, surrounded by a perpetually increasing concourse, reached a great fork where many of the principal avenues for Surry, Sussex, and Kent unite, and which, from the name of an ancient inn, is called the Elephant and Castle.

Who can realize the uproar, the deafening din, the rush, the vast movement in various and conflicting directions; the confusion, which yet seemed

strangely enough to result in order; and the pervading bustle of that scene, so teeming with activity and life? I was stunned, confused, overpowered, heart-sick, at the sight of so immense an assemblage of my fellow-creatures with whom I had no feeling of sympathy. There was a dazzling blaze of light from shops and lamp-posts to aid the obstructed efforts of the moon, and unbounded animation in the scene, yet there was nothing that was cheering.

The dark masses of dwelling-houses had a confined, narrow, gloomy, and lugubrious aspect. They were of brick, without window-sills of marble or other coloured stone; unpainted, and unenlivened by blinds. They were closely shut, and the glimpses of cheerfulness and domestic comfort exhibited in our streets were here unseen. All the shops were open to the weather; many of them having the whole front removed, and gas-lights blazing and streaming like great torches, rather than with the puny and flickering illumination seen in ours. The articles were completely exposed to view at the side of the street: clothing, provisions, crockery, hardware; whatever is necessary to the wants of man. The druggists, with their variegated vases, as with us, cast the iris hues of their nauseous mixtures into the street. Sellers

of cheap goods exposed them in the windows, with their prices labelled. The butchers hung out beef, pork, sausages, and enormous coarse sheep, in a nearly whole state, with sometimes the price affixed to the inferior portions, in order that the poor might judge whether the price they had received for their day's labour would compass a meal of meat; or whether they should seek a diet more suited to their means, of a neighbouring potato-merchant; or whether to turn in despair, as many of the most wretched seemed to do, to accept the flattering invitation of the magnificent gin-palace at the corner.

It was the most splendid building of the neighbourhood; built with some little architectural elegance, whose effect was magnified by the unadorned character and gloomy air of the surrounding edifices. A beautiful gas-light, in a richly ornamented lamp, stood as an inviting beacon, visible in many diverging directions. The windows were glazed with costly plate-glass, bearing inscribed, in illuminated letters, the words—"gin at three pence—generous wines—hot spiced;" and the door surrounded by stained panes of rich die, having rosettes, bunches of grapes, and gay devices. The art which once was reserved for the ornament of temples, and was made to idealize on

Gothic windows the lives of saints and martyrs, is here no longer the attribute of religion alone, but serves to lure the poor and the vicious of England to greater poverty and more abject vice. There was a singular moral in the contrast between the magnificence of this temple of misery and the wan and tattered aspect of its votaries. It was an obvious example of the connexion of cause and effect, and seemed intended as a ludicrous illustration and mockery of their fate. And yet they entered; men and women; the last, moreover, in numbers not inferior to the men; sometimes, too, with children by the hand; sometimes pressed, in the helpless stage of infancy, to their polluted bosoms.

I know nothing more exhilarating than to be suddenly ushered in the night into a populous quarter of a great city. My recollection readily conjures up the impressions made upon me under similar circumstances in entering Paris, Madrid, Brussels, Milan, or gay and lively Naples. The lower classes, with their good-humour, their quaint drollery and sprightliness, there offer the most agreeable objects of contemplation. Here, however, there was in the corresponding classes nothing pleasing, or even picturesque. All seemed in search of food, of the means of intemperance, and

of gratifying low and brutal passions. The idea of amusement had evidently no place. The streets swarmed with abandoned women, filthy in their dress, open, brutal, and indecent in their advances.

In the place of the guitar, the serenade, the musical cries of chestnut-women, lemonade-sellers, and watermen, the sounds here were harsh and grating; uttered in words ill pronounced and nasally prolonged, or in an unintelligible and discordant slang, which I no longer recognised as belonging to my own language. In the place of skilful musicians performing the favourite airs of Mozart or Rossini, or the witty colloquies of the sententious Punchinello, the poor were invited, in the nasal twang of clamorous mountebanks, to amuse themselves by a sight of the latest cases of seduction, murder, suicide, and hanging, represented in the shadows of the camera-obscura. I dare say many an unprejudiced Englishman has made the same observations, and noticed the same contrasts in the manners of the lower classes, in returning from foreign countries to his own.

At the Elephant and Castle we discharged a number of our passengers, who took omnibuses or hackney-coaches to convey them to the City, or to some of the suburban districts. There was quite a rush of hackney-coachmen, porters, and

omnibus-drivers to secure the employment thus thrown into the market, and cries of "Paddington—Angel—Bank"—were loudly and nasally vociferated. This done, we set forward again at a rapid rate. Not seeing before me, I was astonished that, whirling onward in this way, we should escape contact with the countless vehicles which were rushing in every direction. The space necessary to pass seemed calculated to the inch, and though each instant a crash seemed inevitable, the next saw us in safety. I had never before seen such accu rate driving.

The omnibuses were of similar form to ours; but the hackney-coaches were filthy, lumbering, and tattered, and the drivers and their horses were equally sorry and jaded. The hackney-cabriolets struck me as being very peculiar. They had a body having seats for two, while the driver was perched apart, on a little seat which formed an excrescence to the body, and overhung the wheel, so as to enable him to calculate the space in passing another carriage with the nicest accuracy. These drove at a furious rate. The vehicles differed from ours, in general, by being lower hung, and having much smaller wheels, the roads here being so much smoother and more free from ruts. They were, as a general rule, heavier and stronger, though they

did not strike me as being of better form or higher finish. They were, however, infinitely more various in character. There were heavy carriages, and chariots driven by neat postillions; gigs drawn by active cobs, reconducting weary citizens to the comforts of a suburban residence; and, not to mention dog-carts and donkey chaises, there were frequently very low, diminutive vehicles, drawn by ponies, and driven by old women.

In traversing Westminster Bridge we took leave at once of the inelegant suburb, with its coarse and brutal population. For a moment, as we turned the centre arch, I caught sight of the upward and downward course of the stream, spanned by so many illuminated bridges, traversed by wherries with twinkling lights, and skirted on either side by irregular habitations, whose squalidity the darkness partially concealed, as it did all but the vast proportions of that Hall and Abbey which are connected with all the great events of England's history. I looked with a feeling of intense interest to the walls which have echoed with the eloquence of her greatest men, and to the lofty roof and towers of that venerable shrine where repose the ashes of her patriots, poets, and sages.

Leaving Westminster Hall and Abbey behind us, we sped through Parliament-street and White-

hall. The way was broad and stately, suited to the avenue by which the constitutional monarch of a great people was wont to approach the scene of their deliberations. On either hand were palaces of the nobility, or edifices connected with the machinery of state. Here were the Horse Guards, the Treasury, the Admiralty, and the entrance to Downing-street. Here the greatest affairs are agitated; and hence, more than from any place else, are the destinies of the world controlled.

As in the buildings, so also in the equipages and all external objects, was there a marked difference in passing from Southwark to the more elegant precincts of St. James's. At Charing Cross we passed the bronze statue of that amiable and interesting prince, the site of whose execution we had the moment before traversed. Turning from this to the left we entered Pall Mall, among magnificent club-houses, having the air of palaces. On all sides were statues, columns, and all the attributes of wealth, splendour, and magnificence. And thus did I make my triumphant entry into the capital of England, and the glories of the West End, upon the back of a stagecoach, weighed down and persecuted by boxes and luggage, and jammed up and inserted among five chambermaids.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLONNADE HOTEL.

Leave the Coach—Arrangement of the Inn—Coffee-room—Tête-à-tête with a Sirloin—Dining Groups—Scene of Dulness—Breakfast and the Times.

Had Monsieur Feuillade not been a Frenchman, I have my doubts whether I should have been received with any particular courtesy at the Colonnade Hotel. An English innkeeper of the West End would probably have kept aloof altogether from an unfortunate "outside," stowed away, moreover, upon that part of the coach which is the farthest possible removed from aristocracy, and in the unworshipful company of bouncing ladies' maids. At best, he would have left him to scramble down as he might, by the aid of an inferior "boots," and find his way to the top of the house under the guidance of one of the chambermaid's subordinates.

As it was, I had no reason to complain of any ungracious reception. Perhaps the natural courtesy of Monsieur Feuillade's country was aided, at that conjuncture, by the reflection that the town was very empty, and his house also; and that even an

humble guest without suite or equipage was better than no one. But where is the use of digging deep for a sordid motive, when a kind and creditable one stands staring upon you at the surface? The waiters held their arms and aided me to descend. I was in need alike of assistance and sympathy. My feet were numb with cold; my unfortunate leg, which had so long dangled in unsustained dependence over the side of the coach, absolutely refused duty. I hobbled through the colonnade, and entered the vestibule. It was paved with black and white marble, in lozenges; at the side of the door was a commodious chair, having a hood at the top. It was covered with green morocco, and padded, and evidently intended for the convenience of the porter who should watch during the night for the admission of the guests, without occasioning delay to them, disturbance to the house, or any very positive discomfort to himself. Against the wall, on either hand, hung a clock, a thermometer, and a weather-glass, that every guest, as he went out, might here obtain, without the trouble of asking questions, such information as concerned him.

At the extremity of the vestibule was a low counter, behind which sat a pretty and neatly-dressed young woman, with a pen in her hand, and

a book of accounts before her. She was taking down an order for dinner, given through a small window from the adjoining coffee-room, in order that No. 10 might not only be sure of getting what he called for, but likewise, as was indeed just and reasonable, of duly paying for it. Beyond her, in the distance, might be discovered a glimpse of a dresser and furnaces, over which presided an artist, whose white apron, jacket, and cotton night-cap, announced a member of one of the most respectable and estimable classes of Frenchmen. To the left, a double door, opening either way, from which came the sound of knives and forks, showed the entrance to the coffee-room; to the right was the stairway leading to the apartments above, up which the chambermaid hastened to conduct me.

My room was not very high up. It was carpeted and curtained; the bed had a heavy tester; there were decanters, large and small pitchers, china foot-tubs, a stand with an array of clean napkins, and various continental luxuries scattered about the room; among which I was delighted to notice a spacious fauteuil. Indeed, when the fuel, which was prepared in readiness, had been kindled, and the chambermaid, who was tidy, officious, and obliging, had pulled down the window-

screens, the place had an air of decided comfort, and seemed very habitable.

Having inquired if there were baths in the house, I was happy in being answered in the affirmative; and, presently after, was shown into one, at no great distance from my own room, which equalled in comfort, spaciousness, and luxurious appliances, almost any that I remembered to have seen. Glowing delightfully as I left the bath-room, improved in my dress and feelings, I felt reconciled to myself and to the land. And now for dinner. I could not discover, indeed, that I was hungry; but it was only eight o'clock, and there were some hours of time to be gotten rid of.

The coffee-room, into which I now entered, was a spacious apartment of oblong form, having two chimneys with coal fires. The walls were of a dusky orange; the windows at either extremity were hung with red curtains, and the whole sufficiently well illuminated by means of several gas chandeliers. I hastened to appropriate to myself a vacant table by the side of the chimney, in order that I might have some company besides my own musing, and be able, for want of better, to commune with the fire. The waiter brought me the carte, the list of which did not present any very attractive variety. It struck me as very insulting to the pride

of the Frenchman, whom I had caught a glimpse of on entering, not to say extremely cruel, to tear him from the joys and pastimes of his belle France, and conduct him to this land of fogs, of rain, and gloomy Sundays, only to roast sirloins and boil legs of mutton.

The waiter, who stood beside me in attendance, very respectfully suggested that the gravy-soup was exceedingly good; that there was some fresh sole, and a particularly nice piece of roastbeef. Being very indifferent as to what I ate, or whether I ate any thing, and moreover quite willing to be relieved from the embarrassment of selecting from such an unattractive bill of fare, I laid aside the carte, not however before I had read, with some curiosity, the following singular though very sensible admonition, "Gentlemen are particularly requested not to miscarve the joints."

I amused myself with the soup, sipped a little wine, and trifled with the fish. At length I found myself face to face with the enormous sirloin. There was something at least in the rencounter which conveyed the idea of society; and society of any sort is better than absolute solitude.

I was not long in discovering that the different personages scattered about the room in such an unsocial and misanthropic manner, instead of being

collected about the same board, as in France or my own country, and, in the spirit of good fellowship and of boon companions, relieving each other of their mutual ennuis, though they did not speak a word to each other, by which they might hereafter be compromised and socially ruined, by discovering that they had made the acquaintance of an individual several grades below them in the scale of rank, or haply as disagreeably undeceived by the abstraction of a pocket-book, still kept up a certain interchange of sentiment, by occasional glances and mutual observation. Man, after all, is by nature gregarious and social; and though the extreme limit to which civilization has attained in this highly artificial country may have instructed people how to meet together in public places of this description without intermixture of classes or mutual contamination, yet they cannot, for the life of them, be wholly indifferent to each other. Though there was no interchange of sentiments by words then, yet there was no want of mutual observation, sedulously concealed indeed, but still revealing itself in a range of the eye, as if to ask a question of the clock, and in furtive glances over a book or a newspaper.

In the new predicament in which I was now placed, the sirloin was then exceedingly useful. It

formed a most excellent line of defence, an unassailable breastwork, behind which I lay most completely intrenched, and defended at all points from the sharp-shooting of the surrounding observers. The moment I found myself thus intrenched, I began to recover my equanimity, and presently took courage—bearing in mind always the injunction of the bill of fare, not to miscarve the joints—to open an embrasure through the tender loin. Through this I sent my eyes sharp-shooting towards the guests at the other end of the room, and will, if the reader pleases, now furnish him with the result of my observations.

In the remote corner of the coffee-room sat a party of three. They had finished their dinner, and were sipping their wine. Their conversation was carried on in a loud tone, and ran upon lords and ladies, suits in chancery, crim. con. cases, and marriage settlements. I did not hear the word dollar once; but the grander and nobler expression of thousand pounds occurred perpetually. Moreover, they interlarded their discourse abundantly with foreign reminiscences and French words, coarsely pronounced, and awfully anglicised. I drew the conclusion from this, as well as from certain cant phrases and vulgarisms of expression in the use of their own tongue, such as "regularly

done"—"completely floored,"—"split the difference," that they were not the distinguished people of which they laboured to convey the impression.

In the corner opposite this party of three, who were at the cost of all the conversation of the coffee-room, sat a long-faced, straight-featured individual, with thin hair and whiskers, and a bald head. There was a bluish tinge about his cheek-bones and nose, and he had, on the whole, a somewhat used look. He appeared to be reading a book which he held before him, and which he occasionally put aside to glance at a newspaper that lay on his lap, casting, from time to time, furtive glances over book or newspaper at the colloquial party before him, whose conversation, though he endeavoured to conceal it, evidently occupied him more than his book.

Halfway down the room, on the same side, sat a very tall, rosy young man, of six-and-twenty or more; he was sleek, fair-faced, with auburn hair, and, on the whole, decidedly handsome, though his appearance could not be qualified as distinguished. He sat quietly and contentedly, with an air of the most thoroughly vacant bonhommie, never moving limb or muscle, except when, from time to time, he lifted to his mouth a fragment of thin biscuit, or replenished his glass from the decanter of black-

looking wine beside him. I fancied, from his air of excellent health, that he must be a country gentleman, whose luxuriant growth had been nurtured at a distance from the gloom and condensation of cities. I could not determine whether his perfect air of quiescence and repose were the effect of consummate breeding, or simply a negative quality, and that he was not fidgety only because troubled by no thoughts, no ideas, and no sensations.

There was only one table between his and mine. It was occupied by a tall, thin, dignified-looking man, with a very grave and noble cast of countenance. I was more pleased with him than with any other in the room, from the quiet, musing, self-forgetfulness of his air, and the mild and civil manner in which he addressed the servants. These were only two in number, though a dozen or more tables were spread around, each capable of seating four persons. They were well-dressed, decent-looking men, who came and went quickly, yet quietly, and without confusion, at each call for George or Thomas. The patience of the guests seemed unbounded, and the object of each to destroy as much time as possible. The scene, dull as it was, furnished a most favourable contrast to that which is exhibited at the ordinaries of our

great inns, or in the saloons of our magnificent steamers.

Having completed my observations under cover of the sirloin, I deposed my knife and fork, and the watchful waiter hastened to bear away the formidable bulwark by whose aid I had been enabled to reconnoitre the inmates of the coffee-room. A tart and some cheese followed, and then some dried fruits and thin wine biscuits completed my repast. Having endeavoured ineffectually to rouse myself from the stupefaction into which I was falling, by a cup of indifferent coffee, I wheeled my capacious arm-chair round, and took refuge from surrounding objects by gazing in the fire.

The loquacious party had disappeared on their way to Drury Lane, having decided, after some discussion, that the hour for half price had arrived. The saving of money is an excellent thing; without economy, indeed, there can scarcely be any honesty. But, as a question of good taste, discussions about money matters should be carried on in a quiet and under tone in the presence of strangers. When they had departed, a deathlike stillness pervaded the scene. Occasionally, the newspaper of the thin gentleman might be heard to rumple as he laid it aside or resumed it; or the rosy gentleman from the country awoke the awful stillness by

snapping a fragment of biscuit, or depositing his wine-glass upon the table. Then all was again silent, save when the crust of the seacoal fire fell in as it consumed, and the sleepy, simmering note in which the teakettle, placed by the grate in readiness either for tea or toddy, sang on perpetually.

I sank into a lethargy from which it was impossible to arouse myself; despondency took possession of me; I abandoned myself to the most melancholy musings. The dingy walls, the sober illumination, the dim glare of the fires struggling to reveal themselves through the dense smoke, the awful and unbroken stillness and quiescence of a scene in which restless man was yet the principal actor, all bore upon me with a nightmare and overpowering pressure. The spirit of dulness and stupefaction seemed to hover over us with leaden wings. I cast my eyes round in despair in search of something that might arouse me. The first object that presented itself was my own face, reflected back from the mirror with an expression more than usually sullen; looking next along the dark yellow walls, I caught sight of the various cloaks of the guests, suspended from hooks, and each surmounted by its corresponding hat. I thought of the "spectral box-coats" of my inimitable friend, Geoffrey Crayon; and would have given the world,

in that moment of despondency, for one of his quiet unwritten jokes, or one friendly pressure of his hand.

My thoughts had taken a most gloomy turn; there was only one object which, by awakening my curiosity, seemed a little to excite me. On either mantel stood a singular and curious pair of little scales, such as I had never before seen. From one end of the beam was suspended a small weight, which rested in a socket at the bottom; from the other hung a flat hook, whose use I could not conceive, unless it were to receive papers, or a letter. The scales were evidently calculated only to poise articles of one given weight. What could be their uses? My curiosity was greatly excited, and I lived in the hope of learning on the morrow.

At nine the next morning, the tidy chambermaid, after a modest knock at the door, entered my room with a pitcher of hot water, and quickly kindled the fire. When I rose I found traces of Boots having been in my room, in the nice polish which he had left on his leathern namesakes, and in the neat arrangement of my well-brushed clothes. An hour after I made my entry into the coffee-room, which I found almost entirely unoccupied, few of the guests having yet risen. Breakfast was soon brought to me, and I found the butter, the cream,

and the muffins excellent. Each person made his own tea, being furnished with canisters of two kinds, and the water brought by the waiter in a boiling state from the adjoining fireplace. On a table in the centre of the room were set out joints of cold meat, to which the guests carried their plates to supply themselves.

I asked for the Times. The oracle was placed in my hand, full of news not an hour old. There was one undoubted advantage of being in London, that of feeling that you were at the headquarters of the world for intelligence of every kind. I read the leading articles, which were full of ability, and then went regularly through the paper, my curiosity being perpetually excited at the strange things that were there recounted: how, for instance, one Captain James Sargeant sued for a divorce from Harriet, his wife, on the ground of adultery; and how the said Harriet set up, as allegation in bar to the suit, the plea of recrimination, charging her husband with adultery in return; secondly, with collusion and connivance on his part in the adultery of his wife: how Tom McGill was indicted at the Middlesex Sessions for feloniously assaulting his wife, and breaking the collerbone of his child, the dispute having arisen about the expenditure of money given her to buy mourn-

ing for her child, then lying dead in the house. The said McGill had charged his wife with spending the money in liquor; she, denying the same, was then and there knocked down, jumped upon, and, while apparently dead, her finger was by the said Thomas nearly bitten through, to ascertain if life were extinct; upon which she revived, crawled into the street, where, fainting, she was found drenched with blood by a policeman, and remained labouring under an affection of the brain: how John Barnes had wantonly and feloniously maimed, by cutting his hamstrings, a pony gelding, the property of Thomas Cheshire the younger: how a gentleman of elegant appearance, by the name of Coyle, had swindled the unfortunate Mr. Dalton of a superb dressing-case: how the paupers of St. George's parish had struck in the workhouse, and stood out for labouring diet: how Dr. Blick, in driving quietly in his cabriolet, was stopped by the mutes attendant upon a funeral, and severely beaten by their maces: how Mr. Rothschild had been discomposed, and the financial operations of the world interrupted, by some impertinent individual, who had taken possession of his peculiar pillar in the Exchange. Finally, how Henry Mason was charged with extorting from Samuel Singer, coal-merchant, the value of six shillings

and sixpence, under a threat of accusing him of an indecency. When I put all these evidences of an advanced civilization together, occurring in a single day's history of a single metropolis, and contrasted it with the simple rusticity of my own country, I felt quite overwhelmed at the idea of how much we have to learn before we can even enter into a comparison.

The venerable and benevolent looking man was seated near me at the same table as the previous night. He had already finished his breakfast, glanced at one or two papers, and, the waiter having furnished him with a small leathern portfolio, went on to write a number of letters. He then proceeded to direct them; and when he had done this, the waiter approached with a letter which I had noticed one of the young men of the talking-party the night before in the act of placing in his hand, with some particular injunction, in a low tone of voice, as he was going away to the theatre. The waiter addressed the benevolent gentleman in a very respectful manner, and begged, if he had a spare frank, he would oblige him with it for that letter. The benevolent gentleman immediately complied, after counting the letters which he had himself written, and others which he took from his pocket, and finding that he had not completed the

number which he was entitled to frank daily for any one given postoffice, which I afterward found to be ten. He proceeded to copy the address, which was pencilled on the reverse, in his own hand, writing out the date and his own name, as I presently discovered; for, having some doubts whether the letter were not over the legal weight for a frank, he sent the waiter to test it in the little scales on the mantelpiece before me. It was placed upright, with the direction towards me, and proved to be within the rule. This singular effort to save a few shillings by seeking a favour, through a waiter, of an unknown person, struck me as being very strange at the time, and corroborated the unfavourable opinion I was already willing to form of the whole of the blustering party whose conduct I had observed under cover of the sirloin.

I found, in time, that this was a very prevailing trait of national manners in England; and that there is nothing that people have such a horror of there as paying postage, which is, indeed, sufficiently high to be disagreeable. On visits at the mansions of individuals possessing this privilege, I was frequently afterward a witness of the shifts that people resort to in procuring franks. Indeed, the franking privilege is often the source of much annoyance to those who possess it. Thanks to it,

however, I was now, without any necessity of betraying my ignorance by asking the waiter what would have seemed to him as absurd a question as one concerning the uses of a poker, let into the whole secret of the mysterious scales, about which, the night before, my soul had been so disquieted within me.

CHAPTER VIII.

WALKS IN LONDON.

Appearance of Shops—Stand of Hackney-coaches—Life of a London Horse—Regent-street—Architecture of Club-houses—Duke of York's Statue—St. James's Park.

LEAVING my hotel with the intention of taking my first walk in the streets of the metropolis, I found myself in the colonnade which forms a covered way, round the quadrangle of which the house formed part, and set myself quietly in motion to make the circuit of it. This building, which is enclosed by a series of cast-iron columns, painted to correspond with the plaster of the walls, had its origin in the construction of a theatre for the representation of the Italian opera and ballets, which was intended to rival the great edifices of the continent, and do no discredit to its royal appellation of the King's Theatre. It is very magnificent, as I afterward had occasion to see. The great part of this vast edifice not embraced by the theatre is let out for various uses, the Colonnade Hotel being the most considerable establishment of it. There are a collection of the most brilliant shops, filled with costly articles, attesting at once the wealth, the

luxury, and refinement of the land, and the pitch of excellence to which the arts have been impelled by them. I loitered round to that side of the quadrangle which contained the entrance to the opera. The season does not commence until near May, and there were no entertainments. I stopped, however, to read the programmes of the other theatres, and fix upon some amusement for the night. Ere long I was interrupted by a sensation about my pocket, something approaching a nibble in piscatory language, but discovered no one near me except a highly fashionable personage, engaged, like myself, in deciding what theatre to honour. There were, besides, a number of gay and elegant young women, conspicuous for the frank and joyous freedom of their manners.

The street on this side was the Haymarket: directly in front stood the theatre of that name, while the centre of the broad street was used as a stand for hackney-coaches and cabs. Nothing could be more wretched than the appearance of these carriages, filthy, covered with mud, the lining and curtains soiled, the hair-stuffing hanging out, the glasses broken, and the panels smashed. The cabs had little advantage of the coaches, and the horses were not out of keeping with the vehicles to which they were attached. Their sides were

hollow, and each rib stood forth in separate and distinct relief; their knees were bent forward, head hanging by the check-rein, and mouths stretched open, with the tongue hanging between the teeth. Some were dozing and nodding, like an elderly gentlewoman under the influence of a dull sermon. Some of them, indeed most, in the midst of their present wretchedness, had a blooded look, and an air of having seen better days. I was in that mood in which gloomy thoughts find a ready admittance into the soul; and I fell into melancholy musings upon the vicissitudes in the life of this noble animal. Let us say nothing about the deadly injuries that are done to him in the days of his youth; though, at the thought, my mind naturally recurs to the more feeling usages of generous Spain, and to the idea of the respectable Rosinante. I happened to be at Burgos, the city of the Cid and his Babieca, at the time when the furniture and equipages of Mr. Villiers, the elegant and accomplished young minister of the British king, were passing on their way to Madrid, under a heavy escort, to protect them from the Carlists. In the train marched seven noble horses of the best blood. The landlord, who was likewise postmaster, was a young man whose whole soul was devoted to horseflesh, being himself the possessor of many arrogant

mules, and some noble Andalusian horses, reared in the meadows of the Guadalquivir. How did his anger rise, and his whole soul glow with honest indignation, as he contemplated their severed tails and their cruel mutilation! He grated his teeth, and, grasping his knife, exclaimed, with Spanish brevity and sententiousness, and in the spirit of retributive justice, the remnant of that law of talion which has been remembered and not unfrequently practised in Spain since the days of the Moors,—"*Al hombre que capaba a un caballo—le capaba a el!*"

We talk about our love for a favourite horse; but there is no such feeling; it is only a reflection of our love for ourselves. The horse carries his rider nobly and proudly, helps him to appear well, and is for the moment part of himself. Let him fall lame, or lose his beauty, and he is sold at once without regret, and another succeeds the next day to all the affection which was but yesterday his own. From a broken-down hunter he passes at once to the carriage, the stagecoach, or the plough, until at length he is driven furiously over the London pavements, and worn out by labour, increasing ever as his forces diminish, by blows, and by ill usage, he dies miserably under the hands of a cab ruffian. Verily, it may well be said, that the last

stage of that horse is worse than the first. The most noble, the most elegant, the most useful of all the auxiliaries which nature has provided for man, his life is at the same time the fullest of misery, and his death the most long-drawn and disastrous. A pig is a king to him. A pig gorges, and wallows, and revels in a thousand luxuries dear to his swinish heart, increasing ever in health and happiness, until, reaching the climax of all the bliss of which his nature is capable, the merciful knife reaches the seat of vitality in a twinkling, and suddenly, without suffering, his soul is required of him, and with a single squeal he yields it up.

As were the cab horses, so also were the drivers. All were filthy, squalid, and tattered; some were drunk, others dozing. I afterward found, from the police reports, that many of them are also thieves. They are banded with what is called the "swell mob," an institution which, like the name, is peculiar to this country, and aid in carrying off plate and other plunder taken from the houses of the rich. One of the party learns the secret of the premises through the connivance of a servant; and, not unfrequently, they take the agreeable mode of making love to a maid. A plan is thus matured for weeks beforehand, and rarely fails in its execution.

The miserable plight of these vehicles, intended for the accommodation of the public at large, contrasted singularly with the same class of conveyances in our own country, and bore strong testimony to the distinction of classes and disparity of fortunes here, and the humble condition of the third estate. With us, the hackney-coaches are almost universally neat and elegant vehicles, drawn by fine horses, not easily distinguishable from the modest equipages of the rich. There are a vast number of people with us, who, while they may not be able to set up an equipage, have yet abundant means to compass the gratification of an occasional drive. Here those who keep no carriage must be content to take the air in miserable, filthy vehicles, inferior in all respects to the worst of those that may be seen in New-York or Philadelphia, figuring in a funeral cortège of negroes. Going forth in search of country air and the aromatic gales of gardens and meadows, they carry with them a nucleus of ill odours, and taint the atmosphere wherever they proceed. I never put my foot into one of them without noticing this offensiveness, and being prepared to appreciate the ingenious squeamishness of our eccentric countryman, John Randolph, of Roanoke, who was rooted in the idea that the hackney-coaches were habitually used by the Lon-

don resurrectionists, and who would never enter any but chariots, because there was no room in them for the comfortable accommodation of a dead man.

As I yet stood gazing and musing upon cabs and jarvies, there rolled by the elegant equipage of a rich man, to carry out the contrast between the aristocratic and the lowly. The heavy carriage was suspended on double springs, and rolled forward without a jar, or the least clatter or noise; within were seen the teints of rich silk, and luxurious cushions. Two proud and prancing horses bore hard upon the reins, which were held by a stout, rosy, powdered, and richly-clad coachman, who was seated high aloft as on a throne. They arched their necks and pricked their ears disdainfully at the villain horses they were passing, little dreaming that a few short years were to reduce them to that same abject condition. Behind were two footmen, in costly liveries, with aiguillettes and long canes to clear the way, if necessary, for their masters. Their looks were disdainful and imperious, and they stood up on their stout supporters, cased in plush breeches and neat white stockings, as proud and as perpendicular as princes.

By this time my attention to the cabmen had attracted theirs to me. Three or four broke the

line at once, and beating their reluctant animals, drove against each other in their eagerness to approach me, crying, as they held up their whips or a dirty finger, in a quick, nasal, cockney tone, "Cab, sir! cab, sir! Drive you quick, sir!" I had too much compassion for their horses, and too much consideration for myself, to accept the offer. Therefore, turning away, I continued my circuit until I had traversed the Colonnade to the point from which I had set out; thence I struck off to the left, and found myself in the wide and noble avenue of Regent-street. Here I paused to gaze with admiration upon the magnificent club-houses and other princely edifices which stood isolated on either hand. Many of them are in a noble and chaste style of architecture. They are built of Portland stone, and, being in a neighbourhood not dense comparatively, and where there are no manufactories with steam-engines, furnaces, and belching chimneys, they are not blackened like the buildings in other quarters of the town, especially the east, towards which the wind habitually blows. They have, consequently, a light and gay colour, which the contrast renders particularly pleasing.

Regent-street terminates at this extremity in a flight of steps, descending into St. James's Park, whose naked trees here intercepted the prospect;

while from among them might be seen, nobly rising in the distance, the lofty roof of Westminster Abbey, flanked by its Gothic towers. In this fine situation, at the extremity of the street, overlooking the Park, the Abbey, and the surrounding palaces, stands a lofty column of stone, which I learned with wonder was intended to receive the statue of Frederick, late Duke of York. I could not help asking myself what the Duke of York had done for England, that she should thus commemorate him. Will not posterity be disposed to ask the same question, and to wonder to what achievement of his inglorious career, conspicuous only for ignominious failure as a general, for base and infamous collusion as a commander-in-chief—to what act of a life passed in dishonourable neglect of the common honesty which enjoins the scrupulous payment of one's debts, and in low debauchery as a man, he is indebted for this honour, hitherto reserved as the noblest meed of heroes and patriots? Will it not at least be admitted that he has won his column at a cheaper rate than Trajan in ancient times, or Napoleon in our own?

The indignation which I felt in contemplating this prostitution was not the effect of any anti-English feeling. Were I an Englishman I should but have felt more strongly. Had I beheld this noble

column surmounted by the statue of a Wellington or a Nelson, I should have freely added the full tide of my sympathies to those of a grateful and admiring nation. May not the day arrive when this people will begin to think, that to have been the base brother of a king is a less title to gratitude and consideration than to have borne the name of Horatio Nelson? When the statue of him who sacrificed a noble army ignominiously in the swamps of Walcheren, and abandoned a whole service to the avaricious practices of an otherwise unpaid prostitute, will be indignantly dragged down, to make room for the effigy of that hero who unfurled the flag of England so gloriously at the Nile and at Trafalgar?

Being so near St. James's Park, and tempted moreover by the pleasing glimpse I had caught of it from the base of the Duke of York's column, I could not forego the pleasure of seeing it a little nearer. Descending, therefore, the flight of steps conducting to it, I presently found myself in the midst of an extensive plantation of trees, disposed according to the rules of taste, which are here so well understood. In the centre of the park is an oblong sheet of water, artificially produced, and being nearly stagnant. Under our torrid sun, such a creation would prove the fruitful source of fever

and pestilence; and we would as soon think of introducing the plague among us, as forming such a sheet of standing water within the boundaries of our cities. Here, however, it is attended with no bad result, and inspires no dread, while it tends greatly to the embellishment of the place, being prettily diversified, indented with little bays, with jutting promontories, and islands tufted with evergreens.

From the Park, St. James's Palace assumes a much nobler appearance than on the side of the town, though still outshone by the superior beauty of many mansions of the nobility that overlook the same scene, especially Buckingham House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland. Westminster Hall and the Abbey are among the fine objects which the eye takes in from this charming promenade, where every thing contrasted most pleasingly with the crowded and bustling thoroughfare which I had the moment before abandoned.

Rural, however, and retired as I found the Park, it was not a solitude; though the groups who thronged it were of a less bustling character, and bent, for the most part, on pleasure instead of toil. There were groups of children at their sports, of a healthy and beautiful appearance, such as I had scarcely ever seen before. These were guarded by

comely nursery-maids, who seemed to have time not only to watch over their charge, but to exchange words of kindness with tall and well-dressed footmen, whom a happy accident had led there, and sometimes with others, whose costume and air announced a higher station. There were abundance of red coats too, glancing among the trees and shrubbery; and a whole regiment of them, in admirable equipment, and moving with consummate steadiness, were marshalled along the main avenue, enlivening the groves with the inspiring strains of their military music.

CHAPTER IX.

WALKS IN LONDON.

Piccadilly—Quadrant — Placard-bearers — Church of All-Souls—Park Crescent—Regent's Park—The Terraces—Improvements in London—Their good Taste—Adaptation to America.

LEAVING St. James's Park, and turning my back on the duke and his column, I took my way up Regent-street, and presently reached the point where it opens out into a circus at the intersection of Piccadilly. This is one of the greatest thoroughfares of London or the world. It is the principal connecting avenue between the City and the West End, and one of the great routes to the southern and western counties of England. The rush of vehicles was really fearful; there were many four-horse coaches arriving and departing, cumbered with luggage and passengers; and innumerable omnibuses, whose elegant cads were standing on one foot, leaning far to either side, and holding up a finger which they twitched coaxingly, crying the while through their noses,—"Kensington! Chelsea! Hammersmith! Hyde Park Corner! Bank! Bank! Bank!" Here, too, I stopped to gaze with wonder at a golden bull and an over-

grown mouth opening to swallow him, the distinguishing sign of a noted coach-office, whose name I had noticed on the coach which brought me to London. This is one of the few instances which I saw in London of the old signs, belonging to the quaint and simple tastes of ancient times, being retained, together with the names of celebrated inns.

Making my escape, with some address and no little self-gratulation, across the mighty thoroughfare, I entered the Quadrant, and went on my way, rejoicing in my sense of safety; for here I was defended by a range of massive cast-iron columns, and there was no danger of being invaded in this sanctuary and run down, whether by cab or omnibus. The buildings here bend gracefully on either hand from that part of Regent-street which takes its rise in St. James's Park, so as to join a second street, bearing the same name, which runs northward, to connect it with Portland Place and Regent's Park. This Quadrant is flanked on either hand by fluted columns of cast-iron, having the massive appearance of stone, and being coloured to correspond with the stucco of the adjoining edifices. Above is a continuous skylight, connecting the colonnade with the buildings; the upper stories of which are appropriated to millinery establishments and various uses, while the ground-

floors are occupied as shops, and are filled with every species of costly wares, to attest the superiority of the useful and elegant arts in England. The effect of this Quadrant, bending thus gradually, is, on the whole, decidedly elegant and pleasing, while the noble street opening beyond, and flanked on either hand by rows of symmetrical and ornamented edifices, breaks upon the eye with an air of great magnificence.

There was much, however, in the groups that filled these elegant precincts, which was disgusting and humbling to the pride of any one who is capable of being wounded by the degradation of his species. Able-bodied men, many of them, moreover, quite well-dressed, were importuning every one to buy leathern straps to put under their boots, or a puppy-dog which they carried in their arms; half-naked wretches were sweeping the streets at the crossing-places, and begging the price of a loaf of bread, with the assurance that they were famished with cold and hunger. I was struck with the appearance of one man, more wretched than the rest. He was tall, graceful, and distinguished in his appearance. His clothes fitted closely to his person, and were of an elegant make, but they were greasy, threadbare, and, being broken in various places, showed that his back rejoiced not in

a shirt. His boots were sadly run down at heel, and escaping from his feet; while his unshaven beard, and his emaciated countenance, completed a picture of consummate misery and wo. Yet his air was as proud and elevated as that of any around him, and he strode onward, looking neither to the right nor to the left. What was that man to do? His habits unfitted him for toil, yet he was doubtless ashamed to beg, though evidently starving. I could not fancy any thing but the example of Werter, and the relief of that friendly river in whose direction he was walking. Willingly would I have learned his story, though doubtless a common and oft-told tale, of wasted opportunities and ruined character.

Leaving the Quadrant, I was immediately shocked at other spectacles yet more degrading. Here was a man, dressed in a red coat and epaulets, and having on his head a cocked hat, surmounted by the panache of a field-marshal. At his back and before him were suspended, so as to balance each other, a couple of boards, with printed placards to the following effect: "Gentlemen should instruct their servants to use Brown's blacking!" Farther on were two more, dressed from head to foot in one huge garment of green moreen. It had streaming pendent sleeves, and was terminated

at the top in a tall steeple-crown, like a paper foolscap, such as is used by bullying pedagogues to degrade and break the spirit of a child. There was a single aperture left for the face of these consenting and polluted wretches, who looked out, shameless of the degradation of their species and of their own, as they bore high in the air placards of some ignoble advertisement—a new cure for the itch, or simply the street and number of Dr. Eady, the infamous curer of an infamous disease.

But the chapter of ignominy was not complete. A little farther on I saw a noble-looking man, with a sash bound about his waist, having a slight halt in his gait, a decidedly military air, and the port of a veteran. I fancied that I saw in him a worthy companion of Wellington in the field of Waterloo. He was the bearer of a placard which notified where might be seen the statue of Lord Dudley's favourite Newfoundland dog Bashaw. Here was a man, a noble specimen of humanity too, doomed in his old days to carry about a placard touching the statue of a nobleman's favourite dog! This is an outrage not merely against the dignity of man, it is a violation of the intentions of his Maker; and I felt within me, at the contemplation of such a spectacle, not merely a loathing disgust at the baseness of the wretches who, rather than

starve, should be found thus acquiescing in their own degradation, but a glow of honest indignation against the whole structure and condition of society in a country where, throughout a long series of years, the privilege of legislation for the good of all has been reserved in the hands of a few, and where, systematically exercised in the interest of that few and for the enslavement of the many, it has eventuated in such a preposterous and unequalled elevation of the one, attended by the necessary and corresponding abasement of the other.

Presently I came to a cross street in which was assembled a great collection of people of the lowest class. This was the first specimen I had seen of a London mob, and a more squalid set of wretches could not well be imagined. From the number of policemen collected at the place, armed with their short clubs, there had probably been some disorder which was not unlikely to be renewed. The cause of it was soon obvious. A man was standing before the door of a dirty and suspicious-looking habitation, having on his shoulder a placard on which was printed, in large letters, "Beware of a house of ill-fame," having doubtless been hired to do so by some decent burgher living next door, who had been scandalized by the character of his neighbours. This placard had brought

together the mob, who, whatever might have been their own morals, were not sorry to have their fury authorized, and their taste for destruction directed to some legitimate object. Its effects were already sufficiently obvious on the exterior of the building. The terrified inmates had closed the inside shutters, but the glasses were all broken, and the sashes smashed, while the whole front was plentifully daubed with mud, which had been thrown by the handful. The by-standers seemed only to wait for leave to set about the demolition of the whole establishment.

Looking round me as I went, and musing upon what I saw, I presently reached the intersection of Oxford-street, where Regent-street again opens out to form a circus. Here is another thoroughfare between the East and West Ends, wellnigh as great as that of Piccadilly; and here too the pedestrian is obliged to halt, and watch, and escape quickly for his life. The shops here assume a still more elegant and fashionable character; among them were druggists' shops, the names of whose proprietors I had seen on their preparations in almost every corner of the world: their extent, neatness, and elegance of arrangement were admirable. Others were occupied by French milliners, addressing themselves in their signs to those only who could

read French; or Parisian and Swiss confectioners, and one or two were elegantly fitted up as cafés and restaurants.

The vista before me terminated at an angle where Regent-street turns into Portland Place. This is a most favourable point for the exhibition of a noble edifice. The objects on either hand prepare the eye for no measured degree of gratification. And here in fact the artist who conceived and so nobly executed in the last reign the magnificent idea of all these improvements, which give such an air of grandeur to this quarter of the metropolis, has accordingly placed an edifice, the Church of All Souls, which seems meant as a master-piece, and which at any rate may claim the merit of being able both to astonish and surprise. It stands forward far in advance of the adjoining buildings, face to face with you as you advance to enter Portland Place, and seems to say to you—Here! look at me! And I did look at it, and with not a little astonishment and some embarrassment. For having never before seen an edifice like this, I could not judge it by any effort at comparison, and remained bewildered in the attempt to analyze my impressions. I was not long in determining that the character of the structure was at least costly, and its mechanical execution very elegant. In some of the

details, moreover, there was much subject for unqualified admiration. It formed, however, the oddest whole imaginable. The church itself was of nearly square form, and stood back with a half modest and retiring air, wellnigh concealed by the mansions adjoining. The roof was tall and angular, and sloped back from the more pretending portico and spire like a vulgar wife, half-shrinking from the fellowship of the more genteel husband who is ashamed of her. It was a striking instance of architectural misalliance. Had it stood by itself, without pretension and in all humility, it would have attracted neither notice nor animadversion. But the pride of a lofty alliance had dragged it into notice, and subjected it to contumely. The portico and spire, which touched rather than united with it in front, was full of pretension, and not wholly destitute of taste. It was of circular form, surrounded by a row of Ionic columns, and surmounted by an elegant balustrade. Out of this arose a fluted stone spire, run up to a needle's point with great lightness and grace. Above the portico a large ring, sustained by a lesser row of columns, surrounded the spire. One is puzzled, in looking at it, to tell how or why it came there. It looks for all the world like a ring, and has the air of a trophy carried off in some

jousting match on a great scale, with giant knights, and steeples for lances.

Portland Place is still wider and more vast than Regent-street. It is of more ancient construction. The houses are of unpainted brick, and are all private dwellings. No omnibus is permitted to pollute with its presence these precincts, though now guiltless of nobility, and abandoned to the abode of aspiring merchants and bankers. Compared with Regent-street, it had a certain air of staid respectability, not a little augmented by the occasional display of funeral hatchments, on which family arms were emblazoned, with angels, hour-glasses, and various mournful emblems of the tomb, to announce that death had been busy within. I do not know that any thing ever affected me more unpleasantly than this obtrusion upon the world of that sorrow which, where it is sincere, is apt to shun the sympathy of the unheeding crowd; and this heartless effort to make the dead, by giving occasion to this heraldic display, thus minister to the vanity of the living.

At the extremity of Portland Place the buildings again become modern, and sweeping back on either hand in a circular form, with colonnades, terraces, and architectural embellishments, leave a vacant place between called the Park Crescent. This is

enclosed with a massive iron railing. It is planted with trees, and tastefully laid out as an ornamental garden, accessible to the tenants of the neighbouring mansions, who there enjoy the recreation of a daily walk, which the habits of the country render necessary; and where their children, when the weather will at all permit, pass a considerable portion of each day in healthful exercise. I subsequently found that, notwithstanding the denseness of London, there is scarcely any portion of it which has not in its neighbourhood some planted square or pleasure-ground, reserved for the health and recreation of its inhabitants.

Beyond the Park Crescent lay the New Road, another vast thoroughfare, connecting the City with the extensive suburb of Paddington. Here were the same rush of vehicles, and the same abundance of hackney-coaches, cabs, and omnibuses, mingled with the costlier equipages of the rich. Beyond the New Road lay the Regent's Park. Though my map had shown me in the morning that its extent was considerable, I determined to make the circuit. Its entrance was defended by railings and gates of iron, which may be closed at pleasure, to shut out intruding stagecoaches, omnibuses, loaded carts, or aught that is unseemly or inelegant. On my left hand lay the Park, whose recent planta-

tions of trees and shrubbery were in a very thriving state, indicating that, in the season of foliage, they were already in a condition to furnish shade, and an agreeable verdure. On the right, my eye took in a succession of stately edifices, grouped together so as to produce the effect of a series of magnificent palaces, each forming by itself an elegant and harmonious whole. The first of these was Cambridge Terrace, which was in a pretty taste, and embellished with porticoes and architectural ornaments of simple Doric. Here, too, I paused to admire the swelling dome of the Coliseum, a magnificent structure, fit for the exhibition of so vast a panorama as that of London.

Chester Terrace, which was next to Cambridge, struck me as being extremely beautiful. Like the rest, it is thrown back from the main road along the side of the Park. It is of the Corinthian order, has a colonnade in the centre, and at either extremity an elegant entrance, in the form of a triumphal arch, which gives admittance to the private road leading only to the residences which compose it. The Terrace is raised above the level of the main road, securing the dwellings from humidity, and furnishing, from their windows, a commanding view of the road, which is not sufficiently near to annoy with its dust or noise, while it pre-

sents an ever animating scene of gayety and life,—of the tastefully-planted Park beyond, with its pretty villas, serpentine walks, sheets of water, and of the noble terraces which close the view beyond. Here, as at the other terraces, the intervening space between the private avenue and the public thoroughfare is enclosed with balustrades of Portland stone, and flanked with evergreens and flowers.

A little farther on I was met by one of the fairest processions that ever blessed my delighted eyes. It consisted of some twenty or thirty young ladies, of various interesting ages between fourteen and twenty. They were dressed with great neatness and simplicity; and, as they passed along, each seemed prettier than the one who had preceded her, though my respect for what was due to their modesty, and some little prompting from my own, prevented me from scanning them with the attention which they merited. This was certainly a very charming spectacle in itself, and I contemplated it very frequently after with intense interest, when I came to learn that these young ladies were the orphans of poor clergymen, for whose education an institution has been endowed in the Regent's Park, by the generosity of some rich person, who added good taste to kindness of heart and a discriminating benevolence. They are carefully

educated, and qualified to fill the station of governesses in rich families; and, to judge from their amiable appearance, would also make excellent wives, though taken at a venture.

Cumberland Terrace, which next attracted my observation, pleased me less, though the mansions which composed it were of far greater dimensions, and the style of architecture more highly ornamented and of greater pretension. It consists of a grand centre and wings, connected by arches, under which are carriage-ways leading to the mews in the rear. From a rusticated basement rises a range of Doric columns, which is crowned by a balustrade, serving, at various points, as a pedestal for statues, standing singly or in groups. In the centre the colonnade is heavier and more imposing, being surmounted by a pediment with a group of statuary, representing the triumphs of Britannia. With such evidences of the grandeur of the Island Queen, exhibited in the residences of her merchants, traders, and modest citizens, I felt no disposition to deny to her the meed of my humble homage and admiration.

St. Catharine's Hospital, which next succeeds, contrasts charmingly with the regular and classical architecture of the terraces and the Coliseum. It is a very pretty specimen of Gothic architecture,

evincing—a fact which I found afterward confirmed by still more favourable specimens in my rambles over England—that this noble style has been revived, in its simpler and more modest forms indeed, with far greater success here than elsewhere. It consists of a beautiful little chapel, with a single nave, flanked by towers on the front, while on either hand are charming groups of cottages, with pointed gables in the Elizabethan taste. This institution was not long since removed to this healthier and more picturesque situation, from the present site of St. Catharine's Dock in the city. It is an hospital, founded in past times for the relief of the families of seafaring persons, or others of the humbler dependants of that commerce which has here achieved her greatest triumphs. It was a worthy monument—and I was afterward called upon to admire many such—of the princely benevolence of Englishmen.

Gloucester Gate is another grand entrance to the Park. It is a species of triumphal arch, in Doric taste. I looked out of it, and walking a few steps, came to a bridge over the Regent's Canal, on the banks of which stands a charming collection of little ornamented cottages of the Elizabethan, Gothic, or Saxon architecture. Many of these have a grotesque and quaint appearance, yet the effect of the

whole is pleasing and agreeable. Small, but beautifully-arranged gardens and mimic conservatories swept down to the borders of the stream. I had occasion afterward to enter some of these, and found them filled with all imaginable comforts.

I could not but regret the unfavourable character of the comparison between these charming cottages, and the tasteless masses of brick and mortar in which people of the same class and of greater means are contented to live in my own country. The greater mansions overlooking the Park, though they pay oppressive taxes of various sorts well-nigh equal to the rent, are not more expensive to the tenant than the graceless edifices of equal size from which our city magnates look out rejoicingly into the dust, tumult, and deafening clatter of Broadway; while these modest and charming cottages offer to the individual of humble means, each such a little castle of comfort, such an epitome of all that the heart of man longs for in the habitation of his body, as could not be procured with us at any price, except only at the trouble of creating it. One principal reason, indeed, of the advantage possessed over us by this country, is found in the vast superabundance of capital, ever seeking for means of investing itself within sight of its possessor, and easily satisfied with any interest, however low.

Here, however, a knowledge of comfort and good taste preside, and lend their aid in every creation. These we do not possess in any commensurate degree. Let us hope, however, that it may not always be thus. The genius and character of our people are the same, and we are rising to greatness by the same means, with far more rapid strides, and, from the unbounded and exhaustless nature of our resources, without any assignable line of limitation. It is to be hoped that, as our means multiply, good taste will grow up to employ them in whatever tends to the embellishment of life.

There is one circumstance, however, connected with the creation of Regent's Park and the palace-like mansions which surround it, which could not well apply to any thing in my own country. It was originally a royal demesne, and once formed the site of a palace inhabited by Elizabeth. Part of it was afterward leased for a term of years. During the last reign it reverted to the crown, when the plan was formed, under the direction of the commissioners of Woods and Forests, aided by their architect, Mr. Nash, of those magnificent improvements, which were to me a source of increasing delight the longer I had an opportunity of observing them. The Park, consisting of five hundred acres, was laid out in the happiest taste

of an art which is essentially English; and the surrounding grounds were leased to enterprising speculators, with the condition of building upon a stipulated plan. After all, it was individual wealth, and capital originating from the same sources which are so rapidly developing it in our own country, which led to all these splendid creations. Nor am I quite sure that the corporation of my native city have not a control over large tracts of land which a few years will bring within its inhabited precincts. No situation offers greater capabilities for ornamental improvement than the island of Manhattan, on which New-York is situated. On one hand lies one of the noblest rivers of a world in which every thing is on a grand scale; on the other, and at a distance of two or three miles, a beautiful arm of the sea. Nature has thrown its surface into a pleasing variety of hill and hollow, of rock, and glen, and picturesque ravine. What has art hitherto done to heighten these beauties? Why, she has approached her task under the guidance of a blind and mistaken utility, taking no counsel of good taste. Hills have been cut away and cast down into the adjoining hollows; rocks blown asunder and prostrated; coves filled up to be on an equality with the headlands that enclosed them; the whole surface of the country revolu-

tionized; that which nature placed at the top cast to the bottom; the sources of maladies prepared by the efforts to promote health; beautiful groves cut down to make room, at best, for rows of Lombardy poplars; compact masses of brick edifices run up, without any reservation of promenades for the recreation and health of those who are to inhabit them; a thousand things begun, and scarce one finished; and the whole scene brought, under the pretext of improvement, to present one desolating spectacle of chaotic confusion; while in this quarter of London, which is as modern as many parts of New-York, the effect of newness is already banished. Whatever has been done, has been done permanently; hedges, gardens, and plantations have been quickly created to gloss over and smooth away the rugged aspect of innovation.

Our large, wealthy, and growing metropolis should have in its perpetual employ an architect of ability and cultivated tastes. He should visit the capitals of Europe, and imbue his mind with whatever ideas of convenience, elegance, or grandeur they may present; and he should especially study the liberal and enlightened improvements, and the domestic architecture, in its more modest forms, of the people from whom we sprang, and whose tastes are destined to become our own.

Nowhere in England could he find more happy sources of inspiration than in Regent's Park and its ornamented precincts. This is a digression from our subject; but the author is unwilling to permit himself to be deterred by this consideration, while attempting to describe what has excited his admiration in another country, from suggesting whatever may be advantageous to his own.

CHAPTER X.

WALKS IN LONDON.

Circuit of Regent's Park—Southern Terraces—View of the Grounds—Comparison of Regent-street and Broadway—Equipages and Horses—Street Population—Female Walkers—Preservation of Order.

THE reflections which closed our last chapter were presently put to flight by the very pleasing spectacle of a youthful matron emerging from one of these tasteful cottages, attended by her little family. It consisted of two fine, healthy children, very neatly dressed, who were armed with various toys for their amusement, under the guidance of a liveried servant, who carried a couple of umbrellas as a precaution against rain, and seemed to have the additional charge of protector to the whole party; behind followed a child of a year or more, who, bundled in shawls, was trundled along in a wagon of wicker-work, which the nursery-maid drew after her. As they also seemed bound on the same voyage of circumnavigation with myself, I was very willing to sail in their wake, and beguile the way by interesting myself in their gambols. At the entrance of the Zoological Garden, however,

they turned in to take a look at the wild beasts, and I was compelled to continue on without any other companion than my thoughts, and the interest which I derived from the observation of surrounding objects.

Leaving the wild beasts to roar, the monkeys to chatter, and the parrots to prate on, for their own amusement and that of my youthful friends who had just entered the Garden, I continued my walk, which now began to bend to the west, in forming the circuit toward the place from which I had set out. From Macclesfield Bridge, which is a beautiful construction of cast-iron, I took in a pleasing view of the banks of the Canal, of Primrose Hill, the holyday resort of the jaded artisans of either sex, and the curious scene of practical jokes, and sturdy and somewhat unscrupulous gambols,—of the ornamented villa of the Marquis of Hertford, and of others half hidden beyond within the deepening thickets of the Park, together with the grand panorama of the palaces which enclosed it. Hanover Terrace, with the charming lodges near it, next awakened my admiration, and presently I stood bewildered, yet not displeased, before the fantastic structures of Sussex Place. This is a curious group of buildings, in a Chinese taste, having a singular collection of octagonal towers, surmounted

by cupolas and minarets. The effect of it is very odd; and though I felt no disposition to envy those who lived there, and whose ideas, as it struck me, were like to receive an eccentric and fantastic bent from the obliquity of their habitations, it served to give an air of variety to the whole scene, and greatly to enhance, by the effect of contrast, the more regular and undeniable beauties of the surrounding terraces.

From this point the grounds of the Park are seen with all their beauty. They present a great variety of agreeable objects, groves, gardens, sheets of water, the indentation of whose shores imitates the graceful caprice of nature, interspersed with villas, lodges, and airy bridges, and the view being closed in the distance by the nave and towers of St. Catharine's, the dome of the Coliseum, and the colonnades of the adjoining terraces. The inhabitants of these mansions enjoy, in the heart of a great city, the sight of whatever is pleasing in the aspect of the most highly-ornamented scenes of rural life—for even sheep and cattle were not wanting to complete the picture of pleasing rusticity. Nor is it only in the sight of these objects that they found gratification. While many rolled over the smooth avenues in luxurious equipages, others of either sex ambled on beautiful and highly

mettled horses, followed by neatly-dressed and equally well-mounted grooms; while others, with an air of not inferior enjoyment, rambled on foot over the gravelled walks of the enclosures, or, seated on rustic benches at the sunny side of a grove, or by the margin of the water, pored over the pages of some attractive author;—haply a Thomson, a Cowper, or some one of those descriptive poets of the land, who have sung so sweetly of rural scenes, to a people formed by their tastes to appreciate their descriptions and to sympathize in their ecstasies. The laugh and lively prattle of children, too, gave to the scene its most pleasing character of animation. Some were ferried over the water in pretty wherries, while others, hanging over the railings of the airy bridges which spanned the stream, seemed delighted to divide their luncheon with the majestic swans which sailed proudly below, and which for a moment forgot their stateliness and dignity in their eager efforts to catch the descending morsels.

Clarence and Cornwall Terraces, which struck me as being yet more beautiful than any I had seen, brought me to York Terrace, which, having all its entrances at the back, and the gardens in front, without any divisions, conveys more irresistibly than the rest the idea of one magnificent palace.

I had now got back to the New Road, whence I had set out. There were two or three churches in sight, that of St. Mary-le-bone and Trinity; but as they were without attraction, and characterized by a bad taste, which my rambles round the Park had unfitted me to bear patiently with, I did not waste my time in a second look at them. So, escaping through the press at the New Road, I re-entered Portland Place by the Park Crescent, and bent my steps homeward.

As I passed along this noble avenue, from its origin in the Regent's to its close in St. James's Park, I had leïsure again to admire its magnificence, and to appreciate the absurdity of comparing Broadway, or any other street in America, to it. In the brilliancy derived from our transparent atmosphere, and unclouded, deep-blue skies, and the dazzling splendour with which the sun shines through, revealing, gladdening, and vivifying every thing with the magnificence of an unimpeded and tropical illumination, we possess, indeed, an advantage to which London and England are equally and for ever strangers. In the single particular of unbounded movement and life, Broadway is moreover equal, from the simple circumstance of its immense length, and its being almost the only outlet of a great city, to Regent-street, or any other that I am

acquainted with. But in all else its attractions are not such as to entitle it to enter into the comparison.

In the first place, it is greatly inferior in spaciousness and width. In Broadway there is a perpetual and most displeasing variety in the height and fashion of the houses. Each is a complete republican, that has grown up independently and in its own way. A giant of four stories, with a flat roof, looks down upon its next neighbour, a big-headed dwarf of one story, with a most ambitious attic. Here is a dwelling-house, there a shop. The windows and doors are scattered up and down, in defiance of symmetry, and in contempt of right lines, and the variety of colours is infinite. In Regent-street, on the contrary, there are continuous ranges of edifices, erected on a series of uniform plans, decorated with architectural ornaments, and coated with plaster of one uniform complexion. Perhaps the churches and public buildings that one passes in a walk in Broadway are in a better style than those of Regent-street, though this, after all, is not saying much. With us there is a disposition to keep to classic tastes and approved models, while here the taste is to mingle beauties, however discordant, producing what is original and eccentric; something which has had no precedent,

and is likely to be followed by no imitation. In both places there is the same nuisance of omnibuses, and the same sufficiency of dust, though we excel wonderfully in noise, owing to the circumstance of our pavement being made of round pebble-stones.

Here the private equipages, which were heavy, costly, and luxurious, were intermingled with squalid cabs and hackney-coaches. With us the vehicles generally are of a lighter and more tasteful make, and the hackney-coaches are often so elegant as scarcely to be distinguished from the private carriages, except by the inferior grooming and showiness of the horses. I could not determine whether there were more fine horses in Regent-street or Broadway. At this season the town was empty of fashionable people, and perhaps our own city had the advantage. The English horses were, however, much better groomed and broken. Here were no long-tailed nags, driven by proud, shabby, genteel people, and no sulkeys with trotting horses, dashing along at the rate of a mile in three minutes. The taxes on vehicles and horses seemed to check the aspirations of poor and humble lovers of horse-flesh, and confine the luxury exclusively to the rich. All kept scrupulously to their proper side, on the left, and the respect for custom and the law

in this respect seemed to be uppermost in the heart of every man who held a whip. Here were no accidents and no restiffness. In fact, in more than a year that I subsequently passed in England, I do not remember to have witnessed a single accident, except on a race-course, whereas one of the commonest spectacles I had been accustomed to see in Broadway was that of a horse prancing along without a rider, followed by the full hue and cry of boys, negroes, and Irishmen, or a light wagon, spinning along on three wheels, overturning orange-sellers, and demolishing old women.

I think the comparison between the street population of the two places, in point of appearance, was, so far as I could judge as yet, in favour of London. Here was an air of greater health, and more fulness of muscle, and freshness of complexion. To be sure I had been traversing the rich quarter of Westminster, in a part but casually and slightly infested by the poorer and more squalid classes of the metropolis. One remark was most obvious to me; with us, the agitation which is constantly going on throughout the whole mass of society, is perpetually throwing to the surface that which was but a little before removed from it. Merit, industry, assiduous exertion of any sort,—opposed by no insuperable barriers of pride or prejudice, and fet-

tered by no system of laws conceived in the interest of the few and the idle, and in enmity to the industrious million,—secure of their reward, are perpetually raising to competency and distinction those who, in the outset of life, were humble and unhonoured; while the idle and the profligate, degraded by the contrast rather than sustained by the consideration which their ancestors had won for themselves by their good works, are seen, on the contrary, to sink in a descending counter-current, to mingle ultimately with the dregs. This agitation, then, of the state of society, has the effect, in the large and rapidly-increasing communities of the Republic, so to mingle the races as to break down in some measure the physical distinctions which characterize other countries where the classes are stationary, and the castes immutable.

In London, the races are most distinctly marked. It was not necessary to observe the cut of a coat, or the fashion of the nether garment, to tell in an instant who was the bramin and who the pariah. The gentleman was easily distinguishable by his superior height, his air of generous feeding, his pride of step, and a certain erect, elevated, confident, contented, and—if I may add a qualification which applies to most of our native-born population in America—independent and republican freedom and

nobleness of carriage. The trader had a very different air, though he struggled to make it the same; for it was the effect of imitation. There was a blending of haughtiness and humiliation, a versatility held in preparation for contact with inferiors or the great; a look which could catch the expression of contempt and scorn, or soften at once into a complacent simper and cringing obsequiousness.

Among the humbler classes, the physical conformation seemed to announce the peculiar and separate calling of each distinct individual. The same trade, descending perpetually from father to son through long succeeding generations, had occasioned a development of particular limbs and muscles. The absence of intellectual and moral culture, in occupations which rendered it unnecessary for those who worked only to administer food to themselves, and profit or luxury to the class of masters, could only account for the absence of forehead, of the ornamental parts of that face which was moulded after a divine model; and which, among the untutored and unoppressed savages, who roam without distinction of classes over nature's wilds, is ever found to bear the impress of its original. The mouth and jaws announced bulldog capacity to tear and masticate their hard-earned food. There was often a preposterous develop-

ment of the neck, the shoulders, the arms, and hands. In many, the effect of unhealthy occupations was visible in a peculiar conformation of their care-worn countenances, and in a general physical deterioration. Many generations of a sedentary life, a perpetuity of confinement at a workbench, evinced itself in some by a ludicrous shortness and diminutiveness of the legs. It was cruel to laugh at a deformity thus artificially produced, less the fault than the misfortune of their ancestors, and yet it was not easy to contemplate it with composure.

I could not help speculating upon the effects of pushing such a system to its extremest limits. Might not nature tire at length of making legs, to exhaust unnecessarily, by their demand for vital supply, the bodies of those who were never destined to use them? Just as she has long since given over the bootless effort to supply tails to Spanish poodles, to be cut off by their comical masters; or affixing such a useless encumbrance to serve as a drag and a drawback through the weary journey of life to monkeys, which, no longer serving to aid the purpose of locomotion, or give life to their gambols, are found gradually to dwindle and disappear in countries that have no trees?

The women whom I saw were nearly all plump and comely, and their complexions were univer-

sally good, even in this dingy atmosphere. To be sure, their faces were nearly all dirty, at which I was the less disposed to wonder when I found, on getting to my lodgings, that my own was in the same condition. I had several times used my handkerchief in removing objects which had fastened on my face; these proved to be sooty particles, detached from the chimneys and furnaces of the mighty Babylon; and I found, on consulting my mirror, that I was, and had probably been so for some time, the proud possessor of an exceedingly well-defined, coal-black whisker on the left cheek, together with a very promising mustache on the opposite side.

But to return from my own face to the more pleasing study of those of the women: I have to remark that they were almost all expressive, and many of them very beautiful. Moreover, they generally surmounted well-formed and often swan-like necks, reposing on nobly-expanding bosoms. In descending, the analysis became less satisfactory, for their forms were, almost universally, bad; the upper part of the bodies was too large for the lower; the foundation seemed crushed by the weight of the superstructure. There was of course a limit to the observations one might make in the street; but to a man of any observation, or at all

knowing in matters of this nature, used to induction, or capable, from the habit of ratiocination, of remounting from things seen and real to things hidden and unseen, there was little risk of injustice, in noticing the awkward bending of the ankle, to infer malformation above. The feet were, for the most part, ponderous and flat, indicating both an inherent ugliness and defective shoeing. They were often crooked and full of excrescences; nor did they always correspond exactly, and seem to be mates. Sometimes both had a leaning one way; the right foot out and the left in, for instance. I was more than once reminded of a stout double-decker, with high poop and heavy counter, lying down in strong breezes under double-reefed top-sails.

The gait, of course, of women thus formed was shuffling, heavy, and lumbering, destitute alike of harmony and ease. Perhaps I cannot better convey an idea of the effect of this peculiar conformation upon the movements, than by citing the opposite conformation and equally opposite movements of Taglioni. I think that any one who has looked at this goddess of the graceful art with any view to analyze the elements of her success, must have been struck with the great length and development of her legs, compared with the

light superstructure which reposes on them. This seemed ever to me to furnish one means of accounting for her rare and matchless agility and grace. There is, indeed, a gossamer lightness in all her movements, that sometimes makes one think that her excellence depended less on peculiar conformation and great muscular power, than on a total absence of all specific gravity. One is tempted to believe that she is indeed the sylph, whose wings and wand she wears; an ethereal being; a child of the skies, over whom the laws of attraction, which drag all common mortals down to their mother earth, have no dominion. The French, the Italian, but especially the Spanish women, have, more or less, this peculiar conformation. Hence do they glide forward with so rare a grace, and hence that poetry of motion which is found in a Sevillian or a Gaditana. The absence of this among English women may account for their want of grace. Were you to divide the figure for the sake of analysis, you would be struck with the fact that the lower portion is completely sacrificed to the upper, which is almost always noble.

In general, the women were not well dressed; there was abundant evidence of defective taste, and an ignorance of the effect of colours. Indeed, it seemed that there were few ladies in the street;

and that it was not the fashion for them to appear there, still less to look out of the window. The character of most of these females seemed to account for this restriction; it was only occasionally that I saw a modest woman, followed closely by a servant in livery. I was particularly struck with an immense variety in the size of the females; the extreme height of some, and the equally wonderful smallness of others; when, occasionally, they came beside each other, the contrast was most preposterous. I could only account for this discrepance by supposing that the big ones were fresh from the country; and I found, on inquiry, that they were probably from Yorkshire, while the "little uns" were unquestionably the dwindlings and depreciations of the race, through long successive generations of a London existence; condensed, constrained, pinched up, and breathing and feeding unwholesomely.

On the whole, the street population, excepting the want of elegance in the women, compared favourably with ours. It was more picturesque and more varied in the costume; there were more good looks, and a more abounding air of health and vitality. Here one escaped entirely from the saffron hue of people from the south, and from the marshy new lands of our western rivers; as well as from all the

intermediate shades between black and white, the effect of the various crossings with the race of Ham. Here were no negroes, black, green, or blue; no mulattoes, with aspect of mingled milk and molasses, brushing you away with their tattered plaid cloaks. Here the poor made way for the well-dressed, with a cringing air. They seemed to have been taught their place in succeeding ages from father to son. Rural justice, with its stocks and whipping-post, had inculcated a lesson of experience which they were not likely to forget. The boys, like the men, had less spirit and mischief in them than with us. There were none to drive hoops against one's shins, or serenade you with tin kettles or condemned watering-pots dragged over the pavements. The police were seen everywhere, to keep order, and prevent nuisances. Such as carried burdens abandoned the side-walk, and kept to the middle of the street. Hence there was no danger whatever of being buried under a bale, or being struck in the head by the corner of a box or ladder, at the risk of having one's bumps displaced, and character revolutionized for life.

CHAPTER XI.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Conversation at Dinner — Entrance to Theatre — Appearance of House—The Audience—The Play—Saloon—Picture of Morals—Midnight Scene in the Streets.

I WAS not destined to eat my second dinner in London alone, nor to pass the night in the coffee-room of the Colonnade in solitude and despair. My worthy shipmate and countryman came most happily to my rescue, and we ate our dinner quietly together in a corner. It was not luxurious; it was not after the fashion of Paris, Bourdeaux, or Milan; of many places whose names recall a thousand departed joys to my palate; still it was served with so much order, and with such scrupulous neatness and propriety, that I felt no disposition to regret the more varied, the more abundant, and better-cooked repasts of our own crowded ordinaries. It was, moreover, seasoned with some tolerable sherry, temperately taken, and a flow of agreeable conversation.

My friend had been much in England, and it was not a little in favour of the country that, being a man of quick perception, sound understanding, and

honest heart, who had, moreover, enjoyed in his rambles in many lands, indeed in almost all, opportunities of extensive and liberal observation, he was disposed to award to this country, which he knew intimately, the tribute of his respect and admiration. In his journey from Portsmouth to London on the previous Saturday, he had found many towns, and particularly Guilford, in all the bustle and animation of the weekly market. The surrounding county of Surry had poured in its throngs of sturdy cultivators. He fell into ecstasies as he described their good looks, their air of health and contentment, and the scrupulous cleanliness of their attire. He concluded by pronouncing them physically the finest race in the world.

My worthy friend had wellnigh passed that age when amorous vagaries find open access to the breast, and the soul is captivated and carried away by the sight of a happy combination of features, a glorious bust, or the twinkling of a well-turned and taking ankle. He was, moreover, an inveterate votary of tobacco; that luring, love-killing weed, which makes a man oblivious and regardless of all else, whose dreamy fumes and curling vapour dismiss the idea of creature comforts of another kind, and substitute themselves for the joys of wife and bairns. But the reader must not do

my friend the injustice to fancy that he chewed the hated weed. He only smoked, and then none but the most fragrant Havanas. I was going to say, that though past the period when woman has the greatest power to stir the heart, and, moreover, an inveterate smoker, yet he contrived to work himself into no inconsiderable ecstasy as he went on, not only to praise the fine-looking men that he had seen, but to eulogize and proclaim the rustic and sturdy charms of the women of Sussex and Surry.

Our dinner over, and our discussion dismissed, we drove to the Drury Lane Theatre. Long ere we approached it, we were assailed by needy wretches of either sex, running by the side of the coach, holding up the programme, and striking against the windows, their object being to sell us the bill and get two pence, which, of course, was not all profit. Fearing that they might be crushed in the press, we furnished ourselves with a bill each, to hold to the windows when others came to offer them. Another seeker of pennies opened the door for us as we reached the portico, which seemed in a noble style of architecture, but much blackened by the smoke of the neighbourhood. The street was very filthy, and ill odours met the nostrils in every direction; groups of squalid wretches,

easily recognised as thieves and courtesans, were prowling about in search of prey.

The entrance to the theatre is spacious and noble, with a very fine stairway, appropriately surmounted by a statue of the bard of Avon. I do not now remember whether it were with this or the Covent Garden Theatre that I was particularly struck, and most favourably impressed with its grandeur and beauty. My recollections of the audience are more distinct. It did not seem composed of fashionable people, and a distinguished air was scarce anywhere to be seen. Yet the women were in general well dressed in the French taste, except the hair, which hung about according to individual caprice, but generally in a very neglected condition; the neglect being of course a studied one. There was, however, no want of personal beauty; indeed, I thought I had never seen such a collection of good looks, and came then to a conclusion, which was confirmed by all my subsequent experience, that no women that I had ever seen make so good an appearance in a theatre as the English. I was struck with the gracefulness of the busts, the fine shape of the necks, the richness and freshness of the complexions, the redundant luxuriance and fine teints of the hair, united to a cast of head and an arrangement of features, which, when they were not

elegantly and finely turned, had at least great beauty of expression.

The piece for the night was "Our Neighbour's Wife;" a succession of scenes of low intrigue, laid in the class of trades-people of the metropolis, such as probably composed the chief part of the audience, and who, under the cover of the incognito afforded by the vast extent of London, were enabled to laugh at their own caricature without the risk of detection. The actors were very much the same as with us; that is, very coarse and vulgar, and very deficient in the grace, good-breeding, and truth to nature which characterize the stage of France and Italy. The Italian stage, and particularly the opera—for the Italians have also their pure drama, though everybody may not be aware of it,—witness the charming theatre of the Fiorentini at Naples—has often been reproached for its absurdity. But I never had seen any thing so calculated to destroy all illusion, as the manner in which the actors supposed to be concealed in this piece thrust themselves before the eyes of those they were desirous to avoid, or the loud tone in which they uttered that which one was required to fancy said apart. The loudest talker, indeed, was a favourite buffoon, who was supposed to be visible only to the audience.

From first to last the play was most plentifully interspersed with low, coarse, traditional stage-jokes, execrable, atrocious puns and playing upon words, and vulgar and indecent equivoques; while ever and anon a stout and strong-backed actor would grasp one of the lusty wenches, who, after a feigned struggle to escape, would give over her coyness and yield to his embrace, meeting him mouth to mouth, and firing off between them a volley of kisses that would ring round the theatre like the report of a pistol. These amorous feats were ever received with the most rapturous applause, and the whole house would echo with delight from pit to gallery. The lewd jokes seemed only less acceptable. They drew an invariable burst of applause from the men, a half-suppressed titter from the matrons, and overwhelmed the young women with an interesting, disturbed, downcast look of niaserie and confusion, which seemed to be much enjoyed by the cavaliers who accompanied them. It was evident that they understood and were sufficiently knowing to be in a condition to relish the joke, were it not improper to do so. I thought of other women that I had seen, and what would have been their manner in a situation thus embarrassing. I pictured to myself their absent air of unconsciousness, their haughty indifference, their

proud composure, having its origin alike in a true sense of modesty, and in the dictates of good taste.

Between the acts we loitered into the magnificent saloons. They were vast, lofty, having busts, statues, and columns, and being most elegantly furnished. Though immediately adjoining the boxes, these were not frequented by ladies, who were occasionally abandoned to themselves, while the gentlemen walked there. This magnificent retreat is set apart as the recognised resort of abandoned women, who, in consideration of their being so, are admitted at an inferior charge with season tickets. They were large, fine-looking, richly, though often indecently dressed, from their bodies being half exposed. They were lounging on benches, leaning against the columns, or reclining upon luxurious ottomans. Nor was it only here that they exhibited themselves. Many of them were in the second row of boxes, intermingled with ladies and young persons of a very tender age, and often engaged in no very measured or ambiguous dalliance with the persons near them. This spectacle argued extreme coldness of temperament, as well in those who dallied as in those who looked on. It struck me as being, indeed, the most extraordinary scene I had ever beheld. How edifying to the young boarding-

school misses who might be present! It was not necessary that they should go into the saloon, or look in as they passed, or observe what was going forward on the stairway and surrounding galleries; every thing was visible, and necessarily visible too, from their seats. What with the kisses on the stage and the kisses off it, the evidences on all sides of unbridled licentiousness, the scene was such a one as in all my wanderings I had never beheld, and which could only be equalled by the traditionary revels of Cythera in ancient times, or the real and well-attested ones of the Marquesas in our own.

The after-piece was Black-eyed Susan, in which the part of William was most admirably played. I never have seen such a sailor on the stage; and the evident favour with which he was received by the audience, partly on account of the accurate performance, partly for the sake of the character, gave me but a fair foretaste of the feeling of par tiality towards sailors and the sea, which I found pervading all classes in England. This actor, whose name I believe was Cooper, possessed a most intimate knowledge of that peculiar personage the British tar. He must either have been a sailor himself, or else have made many a tour of observation to Wapping and the Docks. I heard, in-

deed, that he had once been a midshipman. It was certainly better to be a player of some note, than a midshipman without friends. A young midshipman is a reasonable thing enough; but a midshipman of fifty, with children or grand-children, such as there are a few in the Royal Navy, is somewhat too absurd.

On leaving the theatre, the gloomy and miry streets presented a scene of unbounded licentiousness. Rogues, courtesans, and beggars thronged on every side, obstructed the way, and shocked the ear with words of disgusting indecency. Not satisfied with words, they assailed those who passed with gallantry of a more practical kind. Verily, there was some truth in that Frenchman, who, in explaining the difference between Paris and London, decided that it consisted chiefly in the fact that there were enjoyments which could be procured in Paris if you desired them; but that in London you must submit to them, whether you would or not. Many of these women limited their assaults to supplications for the price of a drink; and, on being gratified, hastened at once to a neighbouring finish or a gin-shop, already filled with crowds of both sexes, and resounding with drunken clamour and debauchery.

CHAPTER XII.

WALK TO THE CITY.

St. Martin's in the Fields—Strand—Waterloo Bridge—Temple Bar Shops—Ludgate Hill—St. Paul's—Interior—Unsuited for Reformed Worship—Monuments—Whispering Gallery—Dome—View of London.

After breakfast the next day, I was joined by my friend for a ramble to a very different quarter of London from that which I had as yet seen, being to the City, so called; the scene of trade and money-making on a great scale. Leaving the hotel, we made our way among various club-houses and noble edifices to Charing Cross. Here we paused a moment to admire the beautiful church of St. Martin's in the Fields. It is an imposing structure, with a colonnade, pediment, and spire, reminding me much of the better description of churches in my own country, except that it was on a somewhat larger scale, and the execution far more costly and massive. The effect of its beauty was, however, greatly marred by the coal smoke, which had blackened it completely, except in a few places where the courses of the rain had kept the stone clean, leaving an occasional streak, which

rendered the effect of the rest more strikingly disagreeable. We cannot sufficiently appreciate the advantage we enjoy in this respect from the absence of smoke in our cities, owing to the different character of the fuel, and the elasticity of the atmosphere. Nothing, indeed, can be more striking and conducive to the complete effect of fine architecture, than the brilliant appearance of our marble structures when shone on by a bright sun, and relieved against the deep blue of the unclouded sky; or when seen at night by the sadder and more poetic illumination of the moon.

At Charing Cross a great many principal streets unite to pour the full flood of their ever-moving currents into the broad avenue of the Strand. As we were about to enter this last, we glanced for a moment at the front of Northumberland House, surmounted by the proud lion which guards the arms of that lordly family. The Strand is a very fine, wide street, with spacious, convenient sidewalks, and flanked by well-built modern edifices on either hand. The lower floors are occupied as shops, and the display of goods is costly and brilliant. Among the signs I recognised that of Deville, who unites the two dissimilar occupations of lamp-seller and phrenologist. I had the greatest possible curiosity to consult this celebrated oracle,

and put my head under his skilful fingers. If he had given me a good account of my bumps, I should have been proud and glorious, and might possibly have been encouraged to turn them to some account. But I greatly feared his furnishing me with cause to magnify the ill opinion which I already entertained of myself.

The Strand runs parallel to the river, which is at no great distance. We walked down one of the short streets leading to it, and found that instead of a quay or thoroughfare along it, it was flanked by squalid and unsightly buildings. Formerly this part of the town was the favourite abode of the nobility. Their mansions looked towards the Strand, while the space between them and the river was formed into gardens. Terraces and steps conducted to the level of the stream, which then formed the great highway, and was covered by barges, rowed by watermen wearing the liveries of their masters, who used this as their conveyance in going to the court at Whitehall.

Ere long we reached a spacious and beautiful street, intersecting the Strand, and leading to a bridge over the river. This was Wellington-street and the famous Waterloo bridge, both improvements of our own times, as their names indicate. The bridge is a noble and beautiful object; the

arches being all of the same height, and the road above quite level, which produces a fine effect. It is built of granite; and strength, beauty, and elegance are all blended in its appearance. Flights of steps of neat construction lead to the level of the river beside the abutments; fine side-walks are raised above the carriage-road on either hand, furnishing a delightful promenade, overlooking the river and its banks; over each abutment of the arches are gas lamps of a classical form, and at the extremities are two neat Doric lodges for the convenience of the keepers, which complete the symmetric effect of the whole. The foot-passengers, on entering the bridge, pass through a neat iron turnstile, which is connected with the machinery of a recording-clock, locked up in the lodge, and not accessible to the keepers. This, by keeping an accurate account of all who enter, protects the Company against the fraud of the keepers in delivering in the amount of their receipts. This is certainly a most ingenious contrivance. It is a monument at once of human ingenuity and human baseness, and furnishes food for reflection on the degradation of the humbler classes in England. Why is it that the man who keeps the key of the clock can be trusted, and the humbler dependants cannot? Because, being sufficiently paid, proba-

bly, he can afford to be just, and can be honest without starving; whereas the other finds in his poverty a perpetual temptation. Poverty, the inadequacy of a man's means to the comfortable support of his body, and the disproportion between labour and its just reward of wages, are the causes of the dishonesty with which this land teems; and tend to extend it by custom, example, and the freedom from shame which a wide diffusion begets, until it has become a system. There is no country where mechanical ingenuity is more abounding and has achieved greater triumphs than with us; yet such a contrivance as this is the very last that would have ever been invented there. And I do not believe that a native-born American, however humble, could be found to submit to the insult of being penny-collector to such an accountant as this, and thus to acquiesce in the imputation of his own dishonesty.

Just below the Waterloo Bridge stands the magnificent palace of Somerset House, a noble and imposing quadrangle, having one side on the river and the other on the Strand, and a spacious court in the centre. Once the abode of royalty, it is now appropriated to the meetings of the Royal Society, and the exhibitions of the Academy of painters. As we traversed the broad avenue of

the Strand, it narrowed down to an inconsiderable street in approaching Temple Bar, which forms the boundary of the city of London, and the limit, in this direction, of the formidable jurisdiction of its Corporation. Here the heads of persons executed for high treason were formerly exposed to view; and here still, the Corporation of London is wont to receive the king on his visits to the City; the Lord Mayor delivering to him his sword of state, as a symbol of authority in the city. This gateway is very elegant in its form, but is blackened by the coal-smoke in the same way with Somerset House and other buildings I had already seen, except that a more tawny hue indicated a nearer approach to the heart of this great metropolis. In niches on either hand, surmounting the posterns, are statues of the two Charles's. Besides the arches on the side-walk for foot-passengers, there are larger gateways for the vehicles, which here, concentrated and crowded together, pour through in two continuous files. There is a vast deal of time lost here; and if there be not a great thoroughfare opened ere long to the city in this direction to take off part of the crowd, Temple Bar will be very apt to yield to the impatience of the age, and, notwithstanding its venerable associations, to come lumbering to the ground.

Beyond Temple Bar the road assumed the name of Fleet-street. It was of more ancient date and less well built than the Strand; but not less abounding in population, activity, and the multiplied emblems of wealth. I was much struck with the brilliancy of the shops the whole way to the heart of the City. Many of them, instead of the ordinary panes of glass, had, for the better exhibition of their goods, large plates of the most costly description, such as are used for mirrors, each of them being worth some pounds sterling. The goods were opened out, and tastefully and temptingly exposed to view. There was a much greater subdivision of business and classification of pursuits than with us. A splendidly fitted building would be devoted exclusively to the exposition and sale of the single article of shawls, and the same with every thing else. My friend told me that so great is the extent of business here, and so enormous the transactions, that though dealers are satisfied with much less profit than with us, they yet realize the most colossal fortunes. They do not change their mode of living and begin to incur extravagant expense so soon as with us; but live on in a quiet but comfortable way, training up their children, though often inheritors of a princely fortune, to the same occupation with themselves, and keeping up well-

known establishments in the same family from father to son.

In the course of our walk he pointed out the establishment of a man who had become a millionaire by the sale of linen; told me of another who was a hosier, and at the same time the possessor of the finest stud of horses in the world, and who thought nothing of giving five or six thousand guineas for a great winner at Epsom or Doncaster, in order to improve his breeding stock. He had sold stockings by the pair all the days of his life, and was bringing up his son to sell stockings when he should be no more. A gloomy-looking shop, without show or external ornament of any sort, was pointed out to me as the establishment of the jewellers and silversmiths to the King. Here are perpetually deposited enormous quantities of plate, either their own, or on which they have advanced money, or else for safe keeping during the absence of the owners from their mansions. It was through some advance of money or mortgage that this house came in possession of extensive and valuable coal-mines in New-Brunswick, of which the mere agencies are making people rich in some of our Atlantic cities.

The crowd thickened as we advanced; embarrassments were perpetually occurring, and the scene of bustle and confusion was sickening and

overpowering, connected with the blackness of all surrounding objects, and the deep gloom which, though the day was not in itself unpleasant, the canopy of overhanging smoke cast over the whole scene. The people had a grave and serious air; everybody except myself seemed to know exactly what he was in search of, and to have no doubt where and on what errand he was going. Among the groups I here saw a beggarly battalion of poor exiles of Erin, grotesquely dressed, and sallying out of a newly-established shop with enormous placards on their shoulders, written over with extravagant puffs of the establishment that employed them to take their stands in various parts of the town.

In Ludgate Hill the shops were still more elegant and costly; but ere long my attention was withdrawn from them by a huge dark object which broke through the smoke, closing the view at the termination of the hill; presently it assumed the shape of a dome, and its colossal proportions told that it could be only St. Paul's. Though the beauty of this object was impaired by the partial manner in which it was seen at the termination of a street not sufficiently wide to take in more than half of it, yet its size and grandeur were singularly relieved by the comparison with the lofty houses

on either hand, which sunk into insignificance in the comparison.

This first view of the mighty temple affected me not only with an impression of great grandeur, but also of extreme beauty. The façade consisted of a pediment sustained by a double colonnade, and flanked by two towers, which, though not particularly beautiful in themselves, harmonize well with the rest of the edifice, and give effect to the grandeur of the vast dome, which, rising from the centre of the cross, for in this form the temple is constructed, is seen emerging between these two inferior towers, and swelling nobly and grandly high into mid heaven. All the ornaments disposed about the edifice struck me as appropriate and in good taste. The conversion of St. Paul is sculptured in relief upon the pediment; statues of the Evangelists look down from the angles, while high over roof, and dome, and lantern, is seen the simple emblem of our faith, displayed in solitary and unapproached elevation against the sky.

In front of the Cathedral formerly stood that famous Paul's Cross whence sermons were preached to the people in the open air, and where politics and religion were mixed up in a manner to which the present time is a stranger. These sermons were not only attended by the Corporation of London,

but often by the King in person. The site is now occupied by a fine statue of Queen Ann. This, though of marble, was in a sadly dirty condition. The queen's cheeks indeed were clean, and some parts of her robe most exposed to the rain, but her nose would have been the better for the handkerchief. The opposite effects of the smoke and rain upon the whole edifice, which is of Portland stone, were very disfiguring; but on the statues it was singularly grotesque. It produced the effect of colouring and shading, which imparted a certain reality to them, which, with their half-dirty, shabby-genteel look, was very ludicrous.

As the day was finer, according to my companion, than we were likely to have again for months to come, I determined to make use of so good an occasion to see the Cathedral, and enjoy the prospect from the lantern. My friend having already achieved this feat, and having no desire to repeat it, arranged to meet me at a certain hour at the Exchange. Within the door I was encountered, face to face, by a fat porter, whose whole appearance indicated that religion was as good a trade here as in other countries where it is supposed to be better. He had the softest, though not the most expressive face in the world; a mere ball of flesh indeed, perforated at the eyes and mouth, and projecting

slightly at the point where the nose is usually placed. He offered me tickets for various parts of the buildings, and other attendants, men or women, proffered tickets in like manner for the rest; that for the dome being half a crown, and the whole together about five shillings; each particular object having its particular price set on it; the whispering-gallery, the library, the great bell, down to the remains of the hero Nelson, which are exhibited to Englishmen at a shilling the head.

On stepping into the centre of the Cathedral to observe it, as well as the impertinence of a fellow who began explaining every thing in a set speech delivered through his nose, and in which the letter *h* was only used before such vowels as could justly lay no claim to it, would permit me, I discovered that the building was in the form of a cross, having, in its greater length, a principal nave, divided from two side aisles by rows of massive pillars. Over the intersection of the nave and transept, swells the noble dome which I had admired from without. It is painted in fresco, with subjects taken from the life of the patron saint, while from the gallery, which runs round the base, are hung out various trophies, the tattered banners which Nelson and his compeers had captured from the enemies of England.

The eastern portion of the nave, forming the head of the cross, is divided entirely from the rest of the temple by a heavy screen, surmounted by an organ. This forms a church by itself; for it is within this that the customary service is alone performed. The part of the edifice without has no connexion whatever with the religious uses and devotional exercises for which it was erected. The effect and unity of the whole building are entirely destroyed by this subdivision, which could have formed no part of the design of the architect. I saw reason to think, in contemplating this building, that a grand and imposing style of architecture is not adapted to our colloquial religion, which requires for its exercise a small snug place, not remote from the clergyman, who is apt to accede to no inconsiderable share of the homage and adoration, soft backs to lean against, and well-stuffed kneeling-cushions, so that devotion may go on without personal inconvenience or discomfort. The interior arrangement of this choir suggested comparisons between some of the external appendages of the Catholic and Reformed religions, not by any means advantageous to the latter.

The altar, if indeed there might be said to be any, was totally hidden by the pulpit; while on either hand were magnificent thrones for the recep-

tion of the Bishop of London and the Lord Mayor, with rich stalls for the City Aldermen. There was every thing to impress the spectator with the worldly grandeur of our fellow-worms, and nothing to call to mind the recollection of Him for whose worship this proud temple had arisen. Every thing tended to keep alive the idea of worldly distinction, instead of inculcating a lesson of common and universal humility in the presence of the Eternal. Though so ill adapted for the exercise of the reformed worship, St. Paul's would serve nobly to give effect to the splendid ceremonial of the Roman Church. Were the screen removed, the organ placed at one side, the heavy pulpit, standing in the centre and obstructing the view of the altar, replaced by one of lighter construction, standing against a column at one side, and the whole view left unbroken from the door, what unnumbered thousands of the faithful might then fill the vast area, contemplating the ceremony which commemorates the sacrifice which has saved them, as the noble anthem fills the nave and reverberates in the hollow of the dome, their souls melting with devotion, and all offering to Heaven the incense of a common adoration!

Loitering about the aisles and angles of the vast pile, I paused to look at various monuments here

erected to the memory of the illustrious dead. Among other honoured names, I read those of Dr. Johnson, and Howard the philanthropist; but the greater number were those of naval or military heroes. That of Johnson and a few others were well executed; but, for the most part, they were execrably bad in design and of worse execution. Almost all of them represented land or sea officers in the act of dying in battle. Some had their uniforms and epaulets; some were naked; all, however, were encouraged by Britannia, or some other female genius, who stood over them in the act of crowning them with a wreath of laurel, but having more the air of being bent on the merciful errand of taking them out of pain by knocking their brains out with a powerful fist, armed with a great stone.

If, however, the sculpture were for the most part bad, the inscriptions struck me as being in most instances beautiful; those of Johnson and of Nelson pleased me greatly; and, as I stood in the centre of this mighty temple, with the dome overhead, and whatever is grand and imposing around me, I first fully appreciated the noble simplicity and beauty of that inscription in honour of the architect, which I had before so often thought of and so greatly admired. My countrymen are

doubtless aware that there is no monument, either here or elsewhere, to the architect who designed, began, and finished this stupendous edifice. Over the entrance to the choir is a brief inscription to the following effect:—"Here beneath lies Christopher Wren, builder of this Church and City, who lived more than ninety years, not for his own, but the public good. Reader! if you seek his monument, —look around you!"

Having partially satisfied my curiosity below, I was very glad to escape the pestering and intrusive horde of showmen, and make my way up to the whispering-gallery which encircles the dome. A neat iron railing runs round the circuit of the cornice and forms a secure promenade, whence you contemplate the dome and its storied frescoes above, or look down with dizzy wonder on the pavement and the loitering visiters beneath your feet. Having reached the point immediately opposite the entrance to the gallery, I was invited, with several others who happened to be there, to sit down and put my head to the wall. We obeyed; and presently we heard the whisperer say very audibly, "This church was built by Sir Christopher Wren. It was finished in thirty-five years, having only one architect, one master-mason, and during the lifetime of one Bishop of London. It cost one mill-

ion five hundred thousand pounds. The sound of this little door"—here he illustrated what he was going to say by bringing it to with a tremendous jar—"is as loud as the report of the heaviest cannon." This done, he went on to describe the skylight, the frescoes, and all else. I thought him particularly civil, and he spoke moreover very tolerable English. Nothing, indeed, could equal the grace and courtesy with which, when I was going out, he inclined his head, saying, with a winning unction, "If you please to leave any thing for the whisperer, sir, that is at your pleasure."

Having seen the library, the great bell, the trophies and tinsel ornaments used in the funeral of Nelson, and the model which imbodies Wren's original and favourite idea for the plan of this church, and which, however I had heard it praised, struck me as less simple and less beautiful than that which was eventually adopted, I continued the ascent upwards, in search of the view from the summit. As I advanced laboriously I had time to study and to admire the construction of the dome, which is very extraordinary.

It consists of three separate shells, springing from a common base, but separating and becoming distinct and detached at the top. The inner one, which forms the dome as seen from within, is of

hemispheric form. It is built of brick. A short distance from its base, a second dome, likewise of brick, springs from the first, and ascending with a curve of a much greater circle, goes far above the inner shell, terminating in the key-stone and lantern which supports the ball. Still encompassing this second shell is a third, which constitutes the dome as seen from without, and whose curve is thought to be singularly beautiful. It is formed of wood and iron, most ingeniously combined, and protected from the weather by a sheathing of lead. It is ribbed and subdivided, not unlike an orange after the outer peel is removed. Making my way upwards between the two interior shells of this singular construction, I did not pause until I found myself at the very summit in the ball itself, into which I dragged myself with somewhat more difficulty than in going through the lubber's hole, by perpendicular steps. This ball, which is constructed of copper, is very ingenious, and, no doubt, very strong also, though, as the wind rushed through it and around it with a noise not unlike that of split canvass, or when whistling through the blocks and rigging, and the whole swayed, and yielded, and vibrated sensibly, I indulged in speculations concerning the probable result of an aerial voyage in this copper balloon should it detach itself, and how

one would feel while on the journey to the churchyard at the bottom, and the particular shape that the balloon would be likely to assume, as well as that of my own wool-gathering head, when they should come to examine us. To these speculations, the din of the world below, the vibrating and perceptible twitching of the ball, and the mournful sighing of the wind as I seemed to sail madly through it, gave a nervous and exciting, yet, strange to say, by no means displeasing reality.

Descending from the ball, I presently entered upon a light gallery which encircles the top of the dome at the base of the lantern. This is the station from which the most extensive and complete view of London is commanded. The elevation of the eye enables it to overlook an extent of the surrounding country, bounded only by the limits of the horizon. There are, however, sufficient obstructions in the way of an extensive view; one of which is the prevailing haziness of the atmosphere even in the finest weather, and the other the gloom imparted to the peculiar atmosphere of this vast metropolis by the use of coal as the sole article of fuel. In fine weather, however, in midsummer, when the days are the longest, and fires are only necessary for culinary purposes, and at the rising of the sun, when they are not yet lit, it is possible

to obtain a view of some extent from the dome of St. Paul's.

It was in this way that the laborious and talented artist who has so nobly executed the panorama of London, which strangers should first visit for the purpose of learning something of the metropolis, was able to make the drawings which he has since expanded into the master-piece exhibited in the Coliseum. In order to accomplish his object he is said to have lived for a year or more in the dome of St. Paul's, for the purpose of being at his post at the early hour at which alone any thing is distinctly visible.

My attention was first attracted to the noble object upon which I stood pinnacled, the dome and the church below. The roof was flat, leaded, and having canals and conduits ingeniously contrived to carry off the water; the towers on the front, though in any other situation they would be commanding objects, were dwindled into insignificance from this elevation of near three hundred and fifty feet; and the statue of St. Paul seemed the merest pigmy, though composed of enormous masses of stone strongly clamped together with iron. Extending my view beyond the Cathedral, I fancied that I could trace out the situation of London in a species of basin enclosing the Thames, and sur-

rounded by an amphitheatre of hills, so low as scarce to merit the name. The whole of this immense space was covered with the habitations of man. In general they were roofed with red tile or black slate; and from every chimney arose a thread of fleecy smoke, which, incorporating itself with the black canopy which overspread the metropolis, overhung the whole scene with a species of secondary and artificial night, which seemed to give the lie to the noonday sun, whose rays, struggling through at various points, were strangely reflected from the slate roofs on which they shone.

The mass of habitations was everywhere interspersed with the steeples of churches; one which was pointed out to me as being St. Dunstan's, alone struck me as being curious, and there was not one which conveyed the impression of any beauty; indeed, throughout my whole morning's walk, I had only seen one church which was not absolutely ill-looking. Intermingled with the steeples, chimneys of enormous height rose solitary and unsustained. They were connected with steam-engines and manufactories, and were perpetually vomiting forth, as if in rivalry, a smoke as dense and infernal as that of Vesuvius when on the eve of an irruption.

On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, the solid mass was seen to extend itself, except only

in the direction of the wind, where the smoke being less, it was possible to determine its limits. Even there the compact masses of building continued along the great avenues, occasionally expanding into vast suburbs. The frequent occurrence of reserved squares, planted with trees, and set apart as promenades for the recreation of the neighbouring inhabitants, was the most pleasing feature in the character of a scene which had little in it that was attractive. To be sure, they were at that season stripped of their foliage, and without verdure to delight the eye; but they conveyed to the mind the assurance that the idea of health, comfort, and embellishment, found a place in the thoughts of this busy throng, and that amid all the triumphs of utility, something had been conceded to the dictates of good taste.

By far the most conspicuous object in the scene was the river. It wound its way through the vast metropolis like a huge artery, serving to entertain health and cleanliness, and to furnish a ready and convenient communication. Many bridges, some of them beautiful, and all of them picturesque, spanned the stream, and opened a passage for thronging multitudes from bank to bank, while trim wherries, borne quickly by the tide, and the efforts of the glancing oars, were seen shooting the bridges

and darting at right angles to the rapid vehicles above; coal-boats and river-craft might be seen moving more sluggishly, and lowering their masts with their darkly-tanned sails as they approached the arches.

Below the last bridge the scene was of a different character, for there the port of London might be said to commence, and commerce displayed herself in her most active and imposing forms. Far in the distance, a forest of masts and yards, mingling with the habitations, showed where stood those immense artificial basins, the docks of London, which the enterprise of her citizens has hollowed out to give security to commerce. Opposite to the entrances of these, large ships might be seen preparing to descend the river and put to sea; or, having just arrived, making ready to haul into dock and deliver up the freighted luxuries which they were bringing as a tribute from the remotest corners of the world. Between these and the London bridge were masses of inferior vessels, lying in solid tiers, and moored head and stern. There were colliers and coasting-vessels, which were discharging their cargoes in lighters, to be carried to the various coal-yards along the river, to supply, with one of its most urgent and universal wants, so vast a population.

Unnumbered steamers were rapidly glancing over the crowded thoroughfare, and the muddy, unsightly stream, as it swept away the pollutions of such an overgrown metropolis, and wound its way between banks lined with the most ill-built, ruinous, and squalid edifices, if not an object of pleasing contemplation, yet offered a scene of unbounded animation and activity.

In this respect it was nowise inferior to the movement, in another sense, which was going on in the streets below, especially in that great thoroughfare which, connecting Ludgate Hill with Cheapside, half encircled St. Paul's. Here were equipages of every possible kind, and all sorts of vehicles, whether luxurious or useful The noises were unbounded and deafening; for this was the most busy and populous part of the busiest and most populous city in the world. The bells rang; the wheels clattered; the hoofs of the struggling horses resounded on the pavement, and the elegant cads offered their services in carrying the by-standers to Kensington or the Bank; while the horn-blowing noses of Jew pedlers resounded perpetually and unvaryingly with "Clao! Clao! Clao!" I was deafened by the clamour, disheartened and overcome. The noise, the atmosphere, the combination of ill odours, the smoke and sooty particles

which floated in the air, and which had reduced my face and linen to the dark condition of almost every thing I saw, all combined to overpower me with languor and exhaustion.

Descending in all haste, I at length reached the pavement of the church, where the ticket-sellers and showmen were importuning two strangers who had just entered, while two old women were quarrelling about some spoil, in the division of which one of them had been guilty of treachery, and who seemed on the point of coming to blows. Having waited in vain in the expectation of witnessing a scattering of caps and hair, I went forth from that noble temple with feelings strangely mingled of admiration at its grandeur, of veneration for the genius which had conceived, and the power which had executed it, of awe for that divine religion which could inspire the hearts of men to so stupendous an undertaking, and of unmeasured disgust for those faithless stewards of its divine mysteries who, already provided with the superabundant means of a luxury such as was unknown to their divine Master and his humble disciples, have converted this noble temple, which devotion has raised to honour God, into a den of thieves and money-changers.

END OF VOL. I.